

THE JOURNAL

Taunton, Massachusetts

The Year Book
published by the
Senior Class of
Taunton High School

NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SEVEN

sincerely dedicates

this Journal

Printed by
C. A. HACK & SON, INC.
TAUNTON, MASS.

To

WALTER J. CLEMSON

Instructor of Music

The Class of 1927

with all respect and gratitude

sincerely dedicates

this Journal

Printed by
C. A. HACK & SON, INC.
TAUNTON, MASS.



ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL

FOREWORD

In the years which are to follow in the lives of all of us, memory will grow dim, and the pastimes of youth will fade into obscurity before the severer actualities of professional or business life.

It is the aim, therefore, of this publication to set forth accurately every phase of school activity in order that its record may serve not only as a stimulus to competitions of all kinds but in order that those who graduate may always have a tangible reminder of one of the brightest periods of their lives.



EDITOR'S — DESK

AT the suggestion of Mr. Ward, the adoption of Home Room Organization has wrought a decided change in school government and proved a notable success during the last year. This most democratic form of government gives the pupil an opportunity to take an actual part in the managing of school affairs. Inspiring school spirit, this organization has fired the pupils to take a whole-hearted interest in the support of all student activities.

Seniors, juniors, sophomores, and freshmen are all placed on an even basis, and no class distinctions are made. Headed by their room chairman, each room has helped to compose a fully representative and unified student body. All rooms have fostered the growth and spread of new and practical ideas in the development of school government, and in many cases adopted them with success.

Home-room competitions and entertainments have demonstrated the keen rivalry felt among all classes. The pupils fully appreciate the true value of home room organization and are ever striving to boost it to a still higher level in order to substantiate the vast importance and influence of such a representative organization.

IRENE MARGARET ALGER
"Renee"

12 Madison Street

Normal Course
Boston Children's Hospital
Secretary History Club '27
Foreign Language Club '26
Ex. Com. Foreign Language Club '27
Glee Club '24, '25 Chorus '24, '25
Gymnasium '24
Home Room Committee 101

"A smile on her lips."



BEATRICE ESTELLA AMARAL
"Bee"

53 General Cobb Street

Normal Course Children's Hospital
History Club '25, '27
Foreign Language Club '27
French Club '25, '26

"A friend to everyone."



ALBERT ARTHUR BANKS
"Al" "Kid"

6 Monadnock Avenue

Commercial and Tech. Courses
University of California
Ex. Com. A. A. '27
Jr. Scholarship '26
School Reporter for Gazette '25, '26

"Jollity, thou art a jewel."





JOHN RICHARD BIRD
"Birdie"

116 Oak Street

Commercial Course
Athletic Association '27

"A real boy makes a real man."



PHYLLIS PUTNAM BISHOP
"Phil"

19 Harrison Avenue

General Course St. Luke's Hospital
Le Cercle Francais '24
Lunch Room '26
Chorus '26, '27

"Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness."



LOIS MILDRED BLINN

Main Street, Dighton

General Course
Mass. General Hospital

"Nothing is difficult to a well-willed
woman."

CHARLES BOARDMAN
"Charlie"

39 Garfield Street

Manual Arts Course
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
History Club '26, '27
"T" Club '26, '27
Band '26, '27
Orchestra '23, '24, '25, '26, '27



"A good man is better than anything else."

NORMA HELEN BOWEN

Dighton

Commercial Course
Foreign Language Club '26
Athletic Association '27

"Modest and simple and sweet."



RICHARD TIBBER BRADSHAW
"Dick"

524 Cohannet Street

Commercial Course M. A. C.
Corporal T. H. S. C. '26
2nd Lieutenant Co. C. T. H. S. C. '27
Band '26, '27 Traffic Squad '27

"A good countenance is a letter of recommendation."



X



ROSE ETTA BRENNAN
"Peggy"

354 Washington Street

Normal Course
History Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27
"Patience is the chief fruit of study."

GEORGE WRIGHT BRIGGS
"Bridget"

88 Winthrop Street

College Course Harvard College
Pres. of Class '25, '26, '27
Sergeant T. H. S. C. '26
Captain Co. C. T. H. S. C. '27
Treas. School Council '26, '27
Ex. Com. History Club '25
Ex. Com. Foreign Language Club '26
Orchestra '24, '25, '26
Traffic Squad '26, '27
Accompanist '24, '25, '26
Magna Cum Laude
"What a whale of a difference a few sense
makes."



LEONARD WARREN BRIGGS
"Briggsie"

163 Winthrop Street

General Course
U. S. Coast Guard Academy
T. H. S. C. '24, '25, '26
Debating Club '26, '27
Vice-Pres. Public Speaking Club '27
Junior Class Play '26
Senior Class Play '27 A. A. '26, '27
Orchestra '25, '26 Band '26, '27
History Club '25 Lunch Room '27

"Personal discrimination."



EVELYN E. BROWN

"Brownie"

178 Berkley Street

Normal Course Morton Hospital

Foreign Language Club '26, '27

Athletic Association '27

Home Economics Club '27

"O thrice, four times happy thou!"



EVELYN MAY BROWNELL

"Ev"

35 Cedar Street

General Course

Peter Bent Brigham Hospital

Foreign Language Club '27

Girls' Public Speaking Club '26

Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27

Junior-Senior Class Play '27

Girls' League '27

Home Room Treasurer '27

"Beauty and youth and sprightly hope."

CYRUS FRANKLIN BULLOCK

"Cy"

15 Shores Street



College Course

New England Conservatory of Music

Ex. Com. Foreign Language Club '26

Pres. Foreign Language Club '27

History Club '25 School Council '27

Le Cercle Francais '25 Latin Play '27

Junior Class Play '26

Stage Manager Class Play '27

1st Sergeant Co. D T. H. S. C. '27

Sergeant Bugler T. H. S. C. '26

Orchestra '25, '26, '27 Lunch Room '27

Band '26, '27 Traffic Squad '27

"There's music in the air."





JAMES PATRICK CALLAHAN
"Cal"

195 Broadway

Commercial Course Boston University
Football '26
Baseball '26, '27
"T" Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27

"Athletic skill that demands respect."



MARY CHRISTINE CAMPBELL
"Maizie"

16 Greylock Avenue

College Course Mass. School of Art
History Club '25, '26
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26
Girls' Public Speaking Club '26
Athletic Association '27
Magna Cum Laude

"Skillful at artistic tasks."



EDITH BEATRICE CANHAM

Raynham

General Course Framingham Normal
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26
Athletic Association '27
Treasurer Home Economics Club '27
Cum Laude

"Knowledge in youth is wisdom in age."

HARRIET ANTHONY CARLOW

60 Church Green

College Course Wellesley
 History Club '26
 Foreign Language Club '26, '27
 Girls' Public Speaking Club '26, '27
 Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
 Junior Class Play '26
 Reporter "Tauntonian" '26
 Associate Editor "Tauntonian" '27
 Ex. Com. Public Speaking Club '27
 (Resigned)
 Athletic Association '26
 Magna Cum Laude
 "Prominent among the society debutantes"



Harriet Carlow

ERMA FRANCES CARNEY

"Midge"

23 Fifth Street

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal
 Pres. History Club '27
 History Club '25, '26
 Foreign Language Club '26, '27
 Girls' Public Speaking Club '27
 Junior Scholarship Club '26
 School Council '27 A. A. '24, '25
 Lunch Room '27 Chorus '24, '25, '26
 Cum Laude
 "The eye is the attraction of the face."



EDITH CARTER CASWELL

"Ed"

56 Dean Street

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal
 History Club '27
 Foreign Language Club '26, '27
 Girls' Public Speaking Club '27
 A. A. '24, '25 Lunch Room '27
 Gym '24 Chorus '24, '25
 Cum Laude
 "Cheerfulness makes labor light."





A. EDWARD CLARK
"Eddie"

117 East Water Street

Commercial Course Boston University
Football '25, '26 Baseball '25, '26
Track '24 "T" Club '27
Athletic Association '27
Traffic Squad '26

"I dare do all that may become a man."



CATHERINE MAE CODY
30 Anawan Street

College Course Bridgewater Normal
Vice Pres. History Club '26
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '26, '27
Girls' Public Speaking Club
Home Room Representative '26
Cum Laude

"The purest treasure mortal times afford
is spotless reputation."

MILTON M. COHEN
"Mill"

13 Cedar Street

College Course Bates
Corporal T. H. S. C. '26
1st Sergeant Co. C., T. H. S. C. '27
History Club '24, '25, '26, '27
Foreign Language '26, '27
Boys' Public Speaking Club '26, '27
Junior Scholarship '27
Orchestra '23, '24, '25, '26, '27
Band '25, '26, '27 A. A. '27
Traffic Squad '27

"The makings of a merchant."



ZITA JEANETTE CONNOLLY
"Zit" "Z"

631 Somerset Avenue

Commercial Course
Bay Path Institute (?)
History Club '27
Girls' Public Speaking Club '26
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
A. A. '26, '27 Gym '25
Chorus '25, '26, '27



"The secret of a charming smile."

HAROLD DREGHORN COPELAND
"Bunny"

3 Second Avenue

Commercial Course
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Perfect Attendance at T. H. S.

"Success repays us for all our work."



RAYMOND BEAUCHAMP COSTELLO
"Ray" "Cos"

551 Cohannet Street

Commercial Course
Bentley School of Accounting
History Club '27 Debating Club '27
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Traffic Squad '27 Journal Typist '27
Perfect Attendance at T. H. S.
Cum Laude

"He does it himself; he does not leave it
to others."





ROBERT EZELL COSTELLO
"Rob" "Cos"

551 Cohannet Street

Commercial Course
Bentley School of Accounting
History Club '27
Vice Pres. Debating Club '27
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
School Council '26 Traffic Squad '27
Perfect Attendance at T. H. S.
Cum Laude

"Every task can be accomplished by a
man of resolution."



J. FRANCIS CRONIN
"Frank"

7 Sumner Street

General Course History Club '24
Foreign Language Club '26
Public Speaking Club '24
Class Ex. Com. '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Cadets '22
Home Room Chairman '27 A. A. '27

"Try and beat him."



JCSEPH SOUZA CROVELLO
"Professor"

3 Winter Avenue

Technical Course History Club
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27
Band '24, '25, '26, '27
Orchestra '24, '25, '26, '27
Leader of Dance Orchestra '26, '27

"Musical as is Apollo's lute."

X

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PAULL MORTON CUSHMAN

"Gag"

9 Fay Street

College Course B. U. Law School
 Sergeant T. H. S. C. '26
 Adjutant T. H. S. C. '27
 Foreign Language Club '26, '27
 History Club '25
 Debating Club '26, '27
 Vice Pres. Debating Club '26
 "Dick" Class Play '26 A. A. '27
 "Ronald" Class Play '27
 Associate Editor Journal '27
 Traffic Squad '26, '27
 Home Room Rep. '26
 Lunch Room '27
 Perfect Attendance at T. H. S.
 "Accurate and Efficient."



Paull

HOWARD WINFIELD DAVIS

"Skipper"

9 Clifford Street

Commercial Course
 Mass. Nautical School
 Athletic Association '27
 Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
 "His virtues were his arts."



LINCOLN DAVISON

"Linc"

28 Harrison Street

College Course Harvard
 Color Sergeant T. H. S. C. '27
 Corporal T. H. S. C. '26
 Associate Editor "Tauntonian" '27
 Debating Club '26 A. A. '27
 Treas. Debating Club '27
 Band '26 '27 History Club '25
 Orchestra '24 '26
 Foreign Language Club '26 '27
 Lunch Room '27
 Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
 Traffic Squad '27
 Perfect Attendance at T. H. S.
 "Glowing health and a gracious disposition."





CHARLES ALBERT DEAN
"Chass"

178 Hart Street

College Course
Foreign Language Club '27
School Council '27
Orchestra '27 Band '26, '27
Traffic Squad '27

"Your wit makes others witty."



EUNICE MABEL DeLONG
"Eunie"

189 Eldridge Street

Commercial Course
Foreign Language Club '25

"Rich with the wealth of her mind."



Edward

EDWARD JOSEPH DEVENEY JR.
"Chicken"

410 Whittenton Street

Manual Arts Course Boston University
History Club '26
Athletic Association '27
Traffic Duty '27

"Few words, many deeds."

CHARLES MORTON DeZORETT
"Charlie"

29 Park Street

Tech. and General Courses
N. Y. University
History Club '24
Boys' Public Speaking Club '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27



"I shall either find a way or make one."

FRANCIS HAROLD DIAS

11 Granite Street

Commercial Course

"Earnestness is the soul of work."



ALICE GERTRUDE DOHERTY

55 Oak Street

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal
History Club '25, '27
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Chorus '24, '25, '26, '27
Gym '25, '26 A. A. '27



"Ambition has no rest."



SAMUEL HUGH DREGHORN
"Sam"

642 Bay Street

Commercial Course
Corporal T. H. S. C. '26
1st. Sergeant Co. A., T. H. S. C. '27
History Club '27
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Traffic Squad '27 Lunch Room '25, '26

"They conquer who believe they can."



EDWARD C. DUNN
"Duke"

35 Ashland Street

General Course	Yale
History Club '26, '27	
Foreign Language Club '26, '27	
Public Speaking Club '26, '27	
Le Cercle Francais '25	
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27	
Athletic Association '27	

"A bit out of the ordinary."



CHARLES ALLEN ELDRIDGE
"Skipper"

8 Williams Street

**Manual Arts Course Wentworth
Athletic Association '27**

"My joyous days fly on with full career."

LILLIAN ELIZABETH EVANS
"Lill"

Corner Somerset & Railroad Ave.

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal
History Club '25, '27
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Athletic Association '27
Chorus '24, '25, '26



"A smart coat is a good letter of introduction."

LILLIAN ANNETTE ERNST

797 Bay Street

College Course
Boston Teacher's College
History Club '26
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Girls' League '26, '27
Chorus '24, '25



"Duty before pleasure."

WILLIAM JOSEPH FENTON
"Bill"

33 East Walnut Street

College Course Boston College
History Club '26, '27
Debating Club '27
Boys' Public Speaking Club '27
Foreign Language Club '27
T. H. S. C. '24, '25, '26
Ex. Com. A. A. '27 Traffic Squad '27



"By nature, honest; by experience, wise."

AMY ELIZABETH FLEMMING
"Chickie"

311 W. Britannia Street

Commercial Course
New England Conservatory of Music
History Club '27
Girls' Public Speaking Club '26
Ex. Com. Girls' Public Speaking Club '27
Glee Club '24, '25 A. A. '27
Chorus '24, '25, '26, '27
Semi-Chorus '25, '26, '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Home Room Committee '27

"Sport and fun are sisters."

EVA MARGARET FLETCHER
"Becky"

Rehoboth

Commercial
"This world is a wonderful thing."



FRANCIS JOSEPH FOLEY

3 Grant Street

General Course
Boston University C. B. A.
History Club '26, '27
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Debating Club '26, '27
Boys' Public Speaking Club '26, '27
Scholarship Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27
Home Room Committee '27

"The style for men."



MURIEL JULIA FOSTER

433 Cohamet Street

Commercial Course

"Content is happiness."



BERNICE AMELIA FOUNTAIN

Raynham

College Course Bridgewater Normal
History Club '26
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Chorus '26, '27
Home Room Treasurer '27 Cum Laude

"Everything is sane to the sane."

*Bernice*

ISRAEL FRIEDMAN

"Izzy"

38 Pine Street

Commercial Course
Athletic Association '27
Traffic Squad '27

"The essence of success in business."



X



Stanley

STANLEY JOSEPH GAY

3 Warren Street

Commercial Course
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Baseball '25 Track '25
Football '25

"All that the name implies."



ALBERT FRANKLIN GIBSON
"Gibby"

40 Tremont Street

General Course Wentworth
Corporal T. H. S. C. '26
Color Sergeant T. H. S. C. '27
Athletic Association '27

"Hurry begins and ends his day."



LOUIS GLASER
"Looie"

92 Summer Street

College Course
Boston University C. B. A.
History Club '27 Treas. A. A. '27
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Public Speaking Club '27
Treas. "T" Club Football '24, '25, '26
Capt. Traffic Squad '26, '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
T. H. S. Representative to B. C. I. L. '27

"Vigor and strength in athletics."

EDWARD THEODORE
GONTKIEWICZ
"Eddie"

514 Whittenton Street

Commercial Course
History Club '27
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Traffic Squad '27

"Success has many friends."



"Eddie"

ALICE GOODELL

Dighton

College Course
Boston University C. L. A.
Athletic Association '27
Cum Laude

"Worth proven."



RACHEL NIMS GORMAN
"Rae"

18 Harrison Avenue

General Course
St. Luke's Hospital

"Stout heart, and open hand."





ARMAND ELI GUILLET

403 Washington Street

College Course
Mass. College of Pharmacy
History Club '26
Foreign Language Club '27
Athletic Association '27
Traffic Squad '27
Cum Laude

"Amazing efficiency."

ANNA HAGOPIAN
"Ann"

Rehoboth

Commercial Course
Athletic Association '27
Chorus '24, '27

"Sincerity is a great virtue."

MERRIL FRANCIS HARTSHORN

Raynham



Technical Course
Corporal T. H. S. C. '26
2nd. Lieutenant T. H. S. C. '27
History Club '25
Foreign Language Club '26
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Traffic Squad '27

"Always right for the right purpose."

HENRY PARK HODGES*"Heinie"*

30 Prospect Street

College Course Dartmouth
Editor-in-Chief of Journal
Exchange Editor of "Tauntonian" '26
Joke Editor of "Tauntonian" '27
Pres. of A. A. '27 School Council '27
Vice Pres. of Boy's Public Speaking Club '26
Treas. of Junior Scholarship Club '26
2nd Lieutenant Co. B. T. H. S. C. '27
Corp. T. H. S. C. '26 Football '25
Capt. Traffic Squad '27 Band '26, '27
Publicity Manager of Class Play '27
Ex. Committee of History Club '26
T. H. S. Representative to B. C. I. L. '27
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Debating Club '26 Orchestra '26, '27
High School Reporter for Gazette '27
"Energy and ambition."

**SHELDON BRADFORD HODGES***"Shel"*

13 Rockland Street

Technical Course Northeastern
Corporal T. H. S. C. '26
2nd Lieutenant Co. A., T. H. S. C. '27
Foreign Language Club '26
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Traffic Squad '26, '27

"When it comes to fun—"

**BEULAH ALBERTINE HODGKINS***"Beau"*

6 Anderson Street

Normal Course Post Graduate
History Club '24
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Chorus '27 Gym '24, '26
"Simplicity and good taste."



ARTHUR E. HOGAN
"Bud"



6 Hedges Street

General Course
Boys' Public Speaking Club '26, '27
History Club '26, '27
Debating Club '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27

"Guaranteed advancement."

MARTHA ELLEN HOLLINDALE
"Patty"



15 Monroe Street

Commercial Course
Glee Club '24, '25

"Sunshine all the way!"

MARY BERNICE HOOD

905 Somerset Avenue

College Course	Bridgewater Normal
Chorus	Semi-Chorus
Quotation Editor of Journal '27	
Cum Laude	



"Knowledge is a treasure, and practice the
key to it."

HELENA MARY HOYE

49 Granite Street

LEONARD FIELD HUBBARD

"Hubby"

157 High Street

Col. Course Harvard History Club '25
Vice-Pres. Foreign Language Club '27
Editor-in-Chief of the Tauntonian '27
Class reporter for the Tauntonian '26
Sch. Council '27 Vice-Pres. of Class '25
Class Ex. Com. '26 Sergt. T. H. S. C. '26
Capt. Co. B '27 Jun. Scholarship Cl. '27
Capt. Traffic Squad '27 Baud '27
Magna Cum Laude
"The whole earth is the monument of
great characters."

HARRIET NATTALIE IMMERMAN
"Harry"

14 Exeter Street

College Course: Bridgewater Normal
Hist. Cl. '26 Foreign Lan. Cl. '26, '27
Girls' Public Speaking Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholastic Club '26

"Virtue is a jewel of great price."



J. S. Cina



4



HELEN ELIZABETH INMAN



Helen

College Course Simmons College
Pres. Girls' League '27 School Council '27
Girls' Public Speaking Club '26
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
History Club '26
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Sec. Athletic Association '27
Girls' Council '25, '26 Cum Laude

"My books, the best companions, are to me a glorious court."



DORIS JACKSON
"Dot"

Assonet

Normal
History Club '26
Foreign Language Club '26, '27

"Chic from tip to toe."



OLIVE IRENE JOHNSON
"Ollie"

outh Precinct

Household Arts and Commercial Courses

"Good things come in small packages."

CHARLES LINCOLN KENYON
"Mickey" "Charlie"

187 Winthrop Street

General Course
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27

"Ah! Freedom is a noble thing!"



WILLIAM ELIOT KING
"Bill" "Jessie James"

84 Tremont Street

General Course
Bentley School of Accounting
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Home Room Committee '27

"Rushing right along."



VICTORIA PAULINE KOS
"Vicky"

8 Meadow Street

Commercial Course

"There's a reason for success."



LOUISE FRANCES LAPHAM
"Weezie"

30 Orchard Street

Normal Course Boston Normal Art
Pres. Girls' Public Speaking Club '27
Girls' Public Speaking Club '26
School Council '27 A. A. '27
Foreign Language Club '26
Class Treasurer '26, '27
French Play '26
Junior Class Play '26
Junior-Senior Class Play '27
Cum Laude

"Yes, I am convinced that women can
think like men."



ELEANOR LATHAM

20 Porter Street

Commercial Course
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Athletic Association '27
Basketball '25, '26 Lunch Room '27
Gymnasium '24, '25, '26
"Wreathed smiles—such as hang on Hebe's
cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek."

EVELYN VERONICA LAWLOR
"Blondie"

402 Somerset Avenue

Commercial Course
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27
Girls' Public Speaking Club '26, '27
Mgr. Basketball '26
Junior Scholarship Club '27
History Club '26, '27
Cum Laude
"A sweet girl-graduate in her golden hair"

SHIRLEY EDWARDS LEMAIRE
"Kid"

210 Scaddings Street

Commercial Course
History Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27
Chorus '26, '27
Lunch Room '27



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"Great soul, great deeds."

Shirley

CHARLES RICHARD LEONARD
"Charlie"

97 North Walker Street

Manual Arts and General Courses
Athletic Association '27
T. H. S. Cadets '24, '25
Check-Room at Armory '26, '27
"Every man will be thy friend!"



"Charlie"

MARTHA MIRIAM LEONARD

6 Jefferson Street

Normal Course
Bridgewater Normal School
History Club '26, '27
French Club '25, '26
Athletic Association '27
Gymnasium '26, '27 Lunch Room '27
Cum Laude

"Nothing so much worth as a mind well-instructed."



Martha



RAYMOND REED LEONARD

"Ray"

23 Harrison Avenue

College Course Bowdoin
Pres. School Council '27
Corp. and Sergt. T. H. S. C. '26
1st Lieutenant T. H. S. C. Co. B. '27
Foreign Language Club '26
Band '26, '27 History Club '26, '27
Orchestra '24
Inside Traffic Squad '26, '27
Outside Traffic Squad '26
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
A. A. '27

"Knowledge is the foundation of eloquence."



ISHDORE LESSER

"Chick"

24 Harrison Avenue

General Course Boston University
Public Speaking Club '26, '27
Debating Club '26, '27
Foreign Language Club '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
History Club '25, '27 A. A. '27
Advertising Manager Journal '27
Senior Class Play (Resigned) '27
Traffic Squad '27 Track '26

"Sign, Sir, on the dotted line."

EVELYN MAY MACDONALD

"Mac"

18 State Street

Commercial Course
History Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27
Semi-Chorus '25, '26, '27 Chorus '27
Gym. '24, '25, '26, '27
Basketball '25, '26
"That bliss which centers in the mind."





RAYMOND REED LEONARD
"Ray"

23 Harrison Avenue

College Course Bowdoin
Pres. School Council '27
Corp. and Sergt. T. H. S. C. '26
1st Lieutenant T. H. S. C. Co. B. '27
Foreign Language Club '26
Band '26, '27 History Club '26, '27
Orchestra '24
Inside Traffic Squad '26, '27
Outside Traffic Squad '26
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
A. A. '27

"Knowledge is the foundation of eloquence."



ISIDORE LESSER
"Chick"

24 Harrison Avenue

General Course Boston University
Public Speaking Club '26, '27
Debating Club '26, '27
Foreign Language Club '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
History Club '25, '27 A. A. '27
Advertising Manager Journal '27
Senior Class Play (Resigned) '27
Traffic Squad '27 Track '26

"Sign, Sir, on the dotted line."



EVELYN MAY MACDONALD
"Mac"

18 State Street

Commercial Course
History Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27
Semi-Chorus '25, '26, '27 Chorus '27
Gym. '24, '25, '26, '27
Basketball '25, '26
"That bliss which centers in the mind."

BYRON STUART MANN
"Stew"

63 Plain Street

Commercial and General Courses
Athletic Association '27
Corporal T. H. S. C. Co. B '26
Sergeant T. H. S. C. Co. B '27
Traffic Squad '27

"Determination alone outbuilds the pyramids."



"Stew"

FLORENCE MARGARET
MANCHESTER
"Florie"

10 Second Street

Commercial Course
Home Economics Club '27

"Keep that school-girl complexion!"



HATTIE LOUISE MARSDEN
"Patsy"

181 Tremont Street

Commercial Course
Athletic Association '27
Chorus '26, '27

"Beauty and honor in her are mingled."





WINTON SMITH MATTHEWS
"Matty"

93 Winthrop Street

Manual Arts Course
Cum Laude

"Well on the way to success."



EDMUND JOSEPH McCAFFREY
"Fat"

282 Cohannet Street

Commercial Course
Bentley School of Accounting
History Club '24, '26, '27
Foreign Language Club '24, '25
Public Speaking Club '27
Football '24, '25, '26 Track '26, '27
Traffic Squad '27
Treasurer of 104, '27 A. A. '27

"Humor and wit combined."



AGNES WINIFRED McGRATH
"Ag"

14 Forest Street

General Course
History Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27
Glee Club Semi-Chorus
Chorus '25, '26, '27

"Reliable in all ways."

ALICE BERT McKECHNIE
"AP"

1516 Somerset Avenue

Normal Course
Bridgewater Normal School
History Club '25
Foreign Language Club '26
Athletic Association '27
Scholarship Banquet '25
Semi-Chorus '27 Chorus '25, '26, '27
Glee Club Lunch Room '27
Cum Laude

"Books to her these ends conduce,
Wisdom, piety, delight, and use."



MARY VERONICA McMANUS

37 Bay Street

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal
History Club '26, '27
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '25, '27
Junior Scholarship Club '25, '26
Chorus '25, '26 Gym '25, '26



"How easy it is to be happy!"

ALICE BEATRICE MEEHAN
"Bea"

39 Caswell Street

Household Arts Course
Truesdale Hospital
Athletic Association '27
Chorus '26, '27
Gym '26

"A sweet garland to a sweet maid!"



X



AGNES ROSE MEHEGAN
"Ag"

5 Faith Street

Commercial Course
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Gymnasium '26, '27

"A voice soft, gentle, and low,
Is an excellent thing in a woman."

"Kay"



KATHERINE ADAMS MENGES
"Kay"

Somerset Ave., Segreganset

College Course Sargent
Girls' Public Speaking Club '26
History Club '26
A. A. '27 Basketball, '25
Capt. Basketball '26, '27
Foreign Language Club '26
Ex. Com. Foreign Language Club '27
Junior Senior Class Play '27

"All the world loves your laughter."



Mildred

MILDRED JENNIE MORRISSEY
"Mil"

North Dighton

Commercial Course
School of Practical Arts
History Club '26, '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27

"Proper words in proper places."

GLADYS ANNIE MUNROE
"Glad"

Raynham

Commercial Course
Girls' Council '25, '26, '27
Girls' Public Speaking Club '26
Gymnasium '24, '25, '26
Lunch Room Cashier '26, '27
Cum Laude

"What a wonderful thing is a sweet
disposition!"



EVELYN LOUISE MURRAY
"Ev"

4 North Avenue

Commercial Course St. Joseph's Hospital
Athletic Association '27
Gymnasium '24, '25, '26
Basketball '24, '25, '26
Lunch Room '27

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit."



MAE GERTRUDE MURRAY
"Dickie"

4 North Avenue

Commercial Course Boston University
Vice-Pres. History Club '27
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Basketball '25, '26 Gym '24, '25, '26

"Power and plenty."





KATHLEEN ATWOOD NICKERSON
"Kat"

12 Clifford Street

Commercial Course
Athletic Association '27

"Steadfast and demure."



GLADYS LORRAINE NICKOLDS
"Gladie"

11 General Sherman Street

Commercial Course
Athletic Association '27

"Merit wins the soul."



Chick

CHARLES C. O'CONNELL
"Chick" "Blondy"

223 Broadway

General Course
Bentley School of Accounting
History Club '26, '27

Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27

Vice-Pres. Class '25

Vice-Pres. "T" Club '26

Pres. "T" Club '27

Football '23, '24, '25, '26

Track '24 A. A. '27 Traffic Squad

"'Tis deeds, not words, that win the prize.'

MARGUERITE ELIZABETH

OLEARY

"Mike"

East Taunton

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal

History Club '25

Foreign Language Club '27

Athletic Association '27

Gymnasium Chorus

"All beaming with light these youthful
features are."



DOROTHEA EVELYN ORSI

"Dol"

66 Arlington Street

Commercial Course Boston University

History Club '27

Foreign Language Club '26, '27

Girls' Public Speaking Club '26, '27

Ass't Adv. Mgr. Tauntonian '27

Athletic Association '27

Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27

Basketball (Manager) '25 Gym. '25

"Learn to dance in two lessons."



RICHARD MYRON OWERS

"Dick"

33 White Street

Technical Course Mass. Agri'l College

Sergeant T. H. S. C. '26

1st Lieutenant Co. C., T. H. S. C. '27

Senior Class Play '27 Jun. Class Play '26

Sec. Debating Club '26 French Play '25

History Cl. '26, '27 Public Sp. Cl. '26, '27

Foreign Language Club A. A. '27

Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27-

Rep. Student Council '26

Perfect Attendance at T. H. S.

"Good humor wins recognition."



Ruth



HELEN WALKER PAELFORD
"Paddle"

Raynham

Commercial Course
Mass. Homeopathic Hospital
History Club '25
Girls' Public Speaking Club '26
Athletic Association '27
Semi-Chorus '24, '25, '26, '27
Glee Club '25

"Rich in vitality."



SAMUEL COLBY PAIGE
"Sam"

46 Harrison Street

College Course Boston University
Major Cadets '27 Sergeant Cadets '26
Duplicate Colby Medal '25, '26
Vice-Pres. School Council '26
School Council '27
Vice-Pres. Foreign Language Club '26
Foreign Language Club '27
Debating Club '26 History Club '25
Vice-Pres. Class '25 Ex. Com. Class '26
Orchestra '25, '26, '27 Band '26, '27
Cum Laude

"A distinguished mark."



DORIS MATHILDA PARKER
"Dot"

9 Maple Street

Commercial Course
Bryant and Stratton
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Gym. '24, '25
"Amusement to an observing mind is
study."

VIOLA GERTRUDE PARRIS
"Vi"

Myricks

Commercial Course
Athletic Association '27
Gym. '24

"Virtue is the path of praise."



ERNESTINE MARY PATENAUIDE

222 Broadway

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27

"Only the best is good enough."



IDELLA W. PERO
"I"

50 Tremont Street

Commercial and Household Arts Courses
Girls' Public Speaking Club '25, '26
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Basketball '23 Chorus '24, '25, '26

"The heart whose softness harmonizes
the whole."





JAMES JOSEPH PERRY "Jim"

44 Barnum Street

College Course Boston University
Public Speaking Club '26
Sec. Public Speaking Club '27
Foreign Language Club '25, '26, '27
History Club '26
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Baseball '25, '26, '27 Football '26
"T" Club '25, '26 Sec. "T" Club '27
T. H. S. C. '24, '25 Traffic Squad
Orchestra '24, '25, '26, '27 A. A.

"I try my best and leave the rest."



EVERETT HENRY POLLARD "Snub"

116 West Britannia Street

College Course Boston College
History Club '26 Cap. Committee '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Foreign Language Club '25, '26, '27
Ex. Com. Class '27 A. A.
Home Room Chairman '27

"Happiness is no laughing matter."



ROGER KAY POOLE "Count"

196 Highland Street

Technical Course Tufts
1st Lieut. Co. A., T. H. S. C. '27
Sergeant T. H. S. C. '26 History Club '25
Business Mgr. "Journal" '27
Athletic Editor "Tauntonian" '27
Asst. Business Mgr. "Tauntonian" '26
Senior Class Play "Day" and "Kimberley"
'27 Junior Class Play "Mike" '26
Pub. Speaking Club Play "Israel Gordon" '27
Debating Club '27 Latin Play '27 Lunch
Room '27 Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Boys' Public Speaking Club '26, '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27 A. A. '27
Le Cercle Francais '24, '25 Cum Laude
"What his heart thinks, his tongue speaks."

"Count"

CORNELIUS JOSEPH POWERS
"Neil"

625 Somerset Avenue

General Course
History Club '26, '27
Boys' Public Speaking Club '27
Athletic Association '27
Ex. Com. Class '27
Home Room Chairman '27
Traffic Squad '27

"A knowledge both of books and human-kind."



JOSEPHINE ROBERTA PRADO
"Jay" "Jo"

49 Bay Street

General Course
History Club '26, '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27
Chorus



"Laugh thy girlish laughter."

HILDA RANARD
"Hill"

52 East Walnut Street

Commercial Course
New York University
Girls' Public Speaking Club '27

"Free from cares, serene and gay."





J. M. C.

GEORGE WILSON REID
"Smock"

335 Washington Street

General Course
Foreign Language Club '27
Athletic Association '27
Basketball '27 Track '26
Traffic Squad '27

"He is well onward in the way of wisdom."



NELLIE EVELYN REYNOLDS
"Ev"

East Freetown

Commercial Course
Bryant and Stratton
Athletic Association '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27

"Honest and true."

ALBERT F. RICHMOND
"Al"

24 Webster Street



College Course Bowdoin
Pres. Boys' Public Speaking Club '27
Vice-Pres. Class '27 School Council '27
Associate Editor "Journal"
History Club '26, '27 A. A. '27
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Ex. Com. Debating Club '26, '27
Chairman Upper Class Cap Committee '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Ex. Com. Class '27

"He had to be good to get where he is."

SIDNEY KEENE RIDEOUT
"Sid"

29 South Street

General Course
Northeastern University
History Club '24, '25
Athletic Association '27 Track '25

"There's romance in agriculture."



MARY ROSABELLE RILEY
"Rose"

110 West Britannia Street

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27
Chorus

"Black are her eyes as the berry that grows
by the wayside."



VIRGINIA GENEVIEVE RILEY
"Gin"

7 Cushman Street

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal
History Club '25, '27
Foreign Language Club '25, '26, '27
Athletic Association '27
Chorus Gym.

"Quality, not quantity."





"W.W."

WALLACE WOODSOME ROBBINS

"Wallie"

Berkley

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| College Course | Tufts |
| Quartermaster T. H. S. C. '27 | |
| Sergeant T. H. S. C. '26 | |
| Associate Editor Journal '27 | |
| French Play '26 | School Council '26 |
| Foreign Language Club '26 | |
| History Club '25 | Mock Trial '26 |
| Junior Scholarship Club '26 | |
| Ex. Com. Boys' Public Speaking Club
'26, '27 | Ex. Com. Class '27 |
| A. A. '27 | Traffic Squad '26, '27 |
| Home Room Chairman, 106, '27 | |
| "Smiling Service." | |

ALICE MAY ROCHELTE

"Al"

58 Fremont Street

Commercial Course

"Play every shot as well as your best."

HELEN ROSE

"Curly"

40 Winter Street

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------|
| Normal Course | North Adams |
| History Club '25 | |
| Foreign Language Club '26, '27 | |
| Girls' League '25, '26, '27 | |
| Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27 | |
| French Club '25 | A. A. '27 |
| Semi-Chorus '26, '27 | Gym. '25 |
| Glee Club '25 | Chorus '24, '26, '27 |
| "Sun-e-Maid." | |



MABEL FLORENCE ROUNDS
"Belle"

373 Tremont Street

Household Arts Course
Postgraduate Course T. H. S.
History Club '25
Athletic Association '25, '26
Semi-Chorus '25, '27
Chorus '24, '25, '26, '27 Gym. '25
"Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays."



ANTHONY SOUZA ROZA
"Glooze"

Raynham

Technical Course Northeastern
Foreign Language Club '26
Junior Scholarship Club '27

"Sir, I would rather be right than be
president."



WILLIAM E. RUSHLOW
"Bill" "Rush"

334 Washington Street

Technical Course Georgetown University
Capt. Track '27 Track '25, '26
History Club '25
Foreign Language Club '26
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Le Cercle Francais '25
"T" Club '25, '26, '27
Football '26 A. A.

"What's going on in the world? I've got
to see."





GENEVIEVE MARGARET SCANLON
"Gen"

10 Greylock Avenue

Commercial Course Burdett
History Club '25, '26, '27
Girls' Public Speaking Club '26
Semi-Chorus Gym. '23

"Beauty that sparkles."



JOHN S. SHEARSTONE
"Jack"

21 Lawrence Street

Manual Arts Course Northeastern
History Club '24, '25
Junior Scholarship Club '27

"The real worth that comes from within."



JOSEPH EDWARD SHEEHAN
"Joe"

377 Cohannet Street

General Course Northeastern
History Club '24, '25
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Boys' Public Speaking Club '27
Football '26
Orchestra '24, '25, '26, '27

"Virtue and vitality."

AUGUSTUS GRANDERSON SHOVE
"Gus"

Raynham

General Course
Mass. Agriculture College

"I see for use, not for curiosity."



• Gus

FRANK SIEKIERKA

455 Whittenton Street

Technical Course Northeastern

"Nothing excels many graces."



JOSEPH MARTIN SILVA
"Joe"

School Street

Technical Course M. I. T.
History Club '24
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '24
Le Cercle Francais '25

"Study bringeth fruit."





MAX SILVERMAN
"Mac"

59 Washington Street

Technical Course Tufts Technical
T. H. S. C. '24, '25
History Club '25 A. A. '27
Boys' Public Speaking Club '27
Le Cercle Francais '25
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Senior Basketball '27

"Ready for service."



ERNEST BYRON SMITH
"By"

2 Couch Street

Commercial Course
Mass. Nautical School

"Dependable as a trusted friend."



EDWIN PEERS SMITH
"Ed" "Eddie" "Smitty"

9 Bartram Place

Manual Arts Course
History Club '27
Athletic Association '27
Cum Laude
"The standard of value."

HARRY SHELDON SMITH
"Smitty"

43 Winthrop Street

M. I. T.

Technical Course
Pres. Debating Club '27
Sergeant Co. C., T. H. S. C. '26
Captain Co. D., T. H. S. C. '27
Reporter "Tauntonian" '25
Advertising Manager "Tauntonian" '26
Business Manager "Tauntonian" '27
Sec. Debating Club '26
History Club '25 Band, '26, '27
Foreign Language Club
Orchestra '24, '25, '26 Magna Cum Laude



"A sense of humor combined with
brains."

THELMA IRENE SPENCER
"Ted"

Alfred Lord Blvd.

Normal Course North Adams
History Club '26, '27
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Glee Club



"The hair that demands admiration."

ANTONE CHARLES STAFONWIC
"Tony"

8 Oak Avenue

Commercial Course
History Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '27
Football '27



"A man of his word."



ELWYN HATHAWAY STAFFORD
"Pork"

North Dighton

Commercial Course
Athletic Association '27

"A useful addition to any classroom."



SARA STAMPEL
"Sid"

84 Cedar Street

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal
History Club '25
Foreign Language Club '27
Girls' Public Speaking Club '27
Basketball '25, '26

"The ornament of a woman is her
modesty."

NOEL ELSWORTH STAPLES
"Stape"

23 Couch Street

Technical Course Tufts
1st Lieutenant T. H. S. C. Co. D. '27
Corporal T. H. S. C. Co. C. '26
History Club '25
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Debating Club '27
Ex. Com. Athletic Association '27
Asst. Publicity Mgr. (Class Play) '27
Traffic Squad '26, '27

"An interesting study."



VERNA BELLE STAPLES
"V" "Jingle Bells"

Dighton

Household Arts Course
Foreign Language Club '27
Household Economics Club '27
Chorus '25, '26, '27

"A pleasant smile is well worth while."



HOPE TALLMAN
"Bill"

8 Webster Street

College Course Smith
Pres. Junior Scholarship Club '27
Vice-Pres. Girls' Public Speaking Club '26
Treas. Foreign Language Club '26
Sec. Foreign Language Club '27
Vice-Pres. Junior Scholarship Club '26
History Club '26
Asst. Advertising Mgr. "Tauntonian" '26
Ex. Com. Class '26 Sec. of Class '27
Associate Editor "Tauntonian" '27
School Council '27 A. A. '27
Girls' Council '25, '26, '27 Cum Laude

"Such popularity must be deserved."



EDITH PRISCILLA TRIPP
"Edie"

193 Cohannet Street

Commercial Course
History Club '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Gym. '26, '27

"Her native grace lends a distinctive
charm."





JOSEPH KENYON VALENTINE
"Joe"

336 Washington Street

General Course Fitchburg Normal
1st Sergeant Co. B., T. H. S. C. '27
Corporal T. H. S. C. '26 !
History Club '25, '27
Foreign Language Club '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27 A. A '27
Joke Editor of Journal '27

"Life is too short to worry."



ROBERT NEWELL
VANDERWARKER
"Bob"

45 Warren Street

Technical Course M. I. T.
Captain Co. A., T. H. S. C. '27
Sergeant T. H. S. C. '26 History Club '25
Foreign Language Club '26
Ex. Com. Foreign Language Club '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Athletic Association '27 Cum Laude
Perfect Attendance at T. H. S.

"My work never fails."



CHARLES ENOS VARGAS
"Charlie"

15 Barnum Street

General Course Providence College
Capt. Baseball Team '26
Student Council '26
Baseball '24, '25, '26, '27
Football '24, '25, '26
"T" Club '24, '25, '26
Vice-Pres. "T" Club '27
"T" Club Basketball '24, '25
Secretary of Home Room 106, '27

"Everything in the sport line."

X

MELVINA EVELINA VINCENT
"Mel"

Rehoboth

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal
Foreign Language Club '27
Chorus '26, '27

"What I do I do well."



ELIOT WESTCOAT
"Wess"

344 Middleboro Avenue

Commercial Course Bryant & Stratton
Corporal T. H. S. C. '26
Sergeant T. H. S. C. '27
History Club '25
French Club '25 A. A. '27
Home Room Treasurer '27

"57 varieties (of fun)."



DOROTHY B. WESTGATE
"Dot"

50 Ingell Street

General Course
Boston Children's Hospital
History Club '25, '26
Foreign Language Club '26, '27
Girls' Public Speaking Club '25, '26
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Girls' Council '26, '27
Athletic Association '27 Class Play '27

"There's a reason for her popularity."



X



NORMAN BERTRAM WESTGATE
"Bert"

Precinct Street

Commercial Course Bryant & Stratton
Orchestra '27
Band '26, '27 Traffic Squad '27

"All's well with the world."



ROSE GIBBONS WHITE
"Bud"

38 Fairview Avenue

Normal Course Miss Wheelock's
History Club '24
Public Speaking Club '27
Junior Scholarship Club '26, '27
Athletic Association '26, '27
Foreign Language Club '26

"Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call
But the joint force and full result of all."



ELSIE WOLFE
"El"

45 East Walnut Street

Commercial Course Miss Leslie's
History Club '26
Girls' Public Speaking Club '26, '27

"The wavy hair you envy."

DOROTHY ANNA WOOD

"Dot"

74 Winthrop Street

General Course

History Club '24, '25

Athletic Association '27

Chorus '26, '27

"The type that wins recognition."



NATHALIE FLORENCE WOODS

"Nat"

Normal Course Miss Wheelock's

History Club '25

Foreign Language Club '26, '27

Girls' Public Speaking Club Treas. '26

Sec. '27 Ex. Com. Class '25

Junior Scholarship Club '26

Sec. Junior Scholarship Club '27

A. A. '27 French Club '25



"Real Class."

ANNIE MAY WOODWARD

"Belle"

68 West Britannia Street

Normal Course

History Club '27

Foreign Language Club '26, '27

Junior Scholarship Club '27

Chorus '27

"As happy as the day is long."





RICHARD EDWARD WOODWARD
"Dick"

Raynham

Commercial Course
Cum Laude

"The makings of a real man."



HOLLIS HAYWARD WORDELL
"Snookie"

397 Tremont Street

General Course Wentworth Institute
Corporal T. H. S. C. '26
Sergeant T. H. S. C. '27
Junior Scholarship Club '27
Athletic Association '27

"When fate steps in, it will find me ready."

A FOREST RANGER

The forest ranger lives alone,
Isolated from friends and home,
Vigilantly watching all around
For any sign or any sound
Revealing a fire roaring high
Through the lofty monarchs toward the sky.

RICHARD WOODWARD



NATHALIE WOODS
Best Dancer



JOSEPH CROVELLO
Best Musical



ZITA CONNOLLY
Best Looking

WHO'S WHO AND HOW

By The Journal Staff

Best Looking
Most Popular
Most Athletic
Wittiest
Most Studiois
Tallest
Shortest
Most Cafable
Quietest
Best Nutured
Most Individual
Siniciest
Breeziest
Cleerest
Most Musical
Best Dressed
Best Dancers

SHELDON HODGES
 ALBERT RICHMOND
 CHARLES VARGUS
 CHARLES DEAN
 WRIGHT BRIGGS
 BYRON SMITH
 SAMUEL DREGHORN
 HENRY HODGES
 ROBERT VANDERWARKER
 EDMOND McCAFFREY
 RODGER POOLE
 RICHARD OWERS
 ELIOT WESTCOAT
 SAMUEL PAIGE
 JOSEPH CROVELLO
 JOSEPH VALENTINE
 EDWARD DUNN

ZITA CONNOLY
 HOPE TALLMAN
 KATHERINE MENGES
 HELEN INMAN
 HELENA HOYE
 ALICE McKECHNIE
 OLIVE JOHNSON
 LOUISE LAPHAM
 IRENE ALGER
 EVELYN BROWNELL
 BERNICE HOOD
 MARTHA LEONARD
 ROSE WHITE
 MARY CAMPBELL
 AMY FLEMMING
 HARRIET CARLOW
 NATHALIE WOODS



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- M. MILDRED ATWELL: *Head of Latin Department*: Mount Holyoke College, Brown University.
- G. WARREN AVERILL: *Head of Manual Training Department*: Gorham Normal School, Boston University.
- MARION R. BOTTOMLEY: *Science*: Wheaton College.
- WALTER E. BOWMAN, *Science*: Tufts College.
- JOHN BUCKLEY: *Manual Training*: Journeyman Cabinet Maker.
- ROLFE W. BURNS, *Head of Mechanical Drawing Department*: Northeastern University.
- WALTER J. CLEMSON: *Music*: Cambridge University.
- HELEN COMISKEY: *English*: Wellesley College.
- HELEN M. CRONAN: *French, Latin*: Boston University.
- JOHN CRONAN: *History*: Boston College.
- MARY DABOLL: *Science*: Mount Holyoke College.
- FLORA A. EMERSON: *Mathematics*: University of Vermont.
- NETTIE V. FAIRWEATHER, *Stenography*: Simmons College.
- ANNA M. FENTON: *Bookkeeping*: Boston University.
- HELEN P. FENTON: *History*: Boston University.
- FRANCES E. FERRIS: *English*: Mississippi State College.
- IRENE M. FOLEY: *Mathematics*: Boston University.
- FRANCES R. FOSTER: *Secretary*: Mount Holyoke College.

- MARTHA H. FOSTER: *Cooking*: Plymouth Normal School.
- STEPHEN A. GRIFFIN: *Head History Department*: University of Maine.
- RUTH A. HAMILTON: *English*: Smith College.
- CHARLES A. HATHAWAY: *Head of Science Department*: Tufts College.
- HILDA HAYES: *English*: Boston University.
- ALMOND L. HODGKINS: *Head of Commercial Department*: Main School of Commerce.
- GRACE A. HOPKINS: *Science*: Brown University.
- KATHERINE M. KELIHER: *English*: Boston University.
- FLORENCE M. KELLY: *French, Latin*, Boston University.
- JEAN M. KELLOCK: *History*: Tufts College.
- DOROTHY H. KNOX: *French*: Radcliffe College.
- PAUL O. LIBBY: *History*: Bates College, Clark University.
- JOHN L. MAHONEY: *Mathematics*: Tufts College.
- ELLA E. MAXCY: *French*: Colby College.
- ELLEN M. MITCHELL: *Latin*: Radcliffe College.
- DOROTHY T. MOWRY: *English*: Brown University.
- DAVID F. MULLEN: *Athletic Coach*: Boston College.
- MAYDELL MURPHY: *English*: Wellesley College, Radcliffe College.
- MARY K. NICHOLS: *Girls' Physical Training Instructor*: Sargent School for Physical Education.
- LAWRENCE B. NORTON: *Mathematics*: Boston University.
- RACHEL PENNELL: *English*: University of New Hampshire.
- MARY A. RILEY: *Stenography*: Baypath Institute.
- ELIZABETH W. ROBINSON: *Latin*: Smith College.
- MARION D. RUSSELL: *Mathematics*: Wellesley College.
- ELSIE A. SALTHOUSE: *Head of Modern Language Department*: Wellesley College.
- EDITH B. SEIBEL: *Librarian*: Smith College, Simmons College.
- E. LILLIAN SHAW: *English*: University of New Hampshire.
- EDWARD B. SHERIDAN: *Mechanical Drawing*: University of New Hampshire.
- AUGUSTA E. STEWART: *Typewriting*: Bristol County Business School.
- FLORENCE H. STONE: *Head of English Department*: Wellesley College.
- JEROMEIAH F. SULLIVAN: *Commercial Arithmetic*: Salem Normal School, Boston University.
- RUTH E. TILTON: *Typewriting*: Bryant & Stratton Business School.
- MARGARET C. TUFTS: *Dean of Girls*: Mount Holyoke College.
- ARTHUR WALKER: *Head of Mathematics Department*: University of Michigan.
- ESTEL M. WILLIAMS: *Head of Freehand Drawing Department*: Boston School of Design.
- BETTY WILSON: *Head of Household Arts Department*: Simmons College, Framingham Normal School.

A RESUMÉ OF THE LIFE OF THE CLASS OF '27

BERNICE HOOD

ON the first day of school in the autumn of '24, an enthusiastic band of eager freshmen, with wild hopes and cherished desires, tremblingly began its modest career at Taunton High. After sauntering aimlessly about for a month, wondering vaguely how our predecessors ever endured the trials and ignominy of freshman life, we finally became settled.

We soon became familiar with the attractions of the discipline room. The studious pupils ignored it; the conscientious abhorred it; the fun-loving succumbed to it. We all experienced, too, that odd feeling of extreme weakness about the heart as the time for reports approached. Each time we felt miserable, fearful, repentant, vowing staunchly to do better next month. However, this self-reproachful and repentant state soon failed to produce enthusiasm, and another term ended before we began to make reparation, retaining as comfort, only the solace of our good intentions. Such is the weakness of human nature! Our freshman year thus sped swiftly by.

As sophomores we merged into ways more serious, undertaking our studies with zeal and a vague realization of their importance. Of course, true to custom, we regarded as unendurable those insignificant little freshmen, although deep in our hearts fluttered a wave of sympathy as we recalled kindred woes not yet forgotten. During this year we tendered a banquet to the ten highest honor pupils, and one to the football squad. The class officers selected a unique, attractive design for our class pin and ring.

As juniors we attended the junior-senior reception, and put on "An Easy Mark," a very enjoyable play. Our athletes distinguished themselves, some of our cadets were prominent, and our clubs boasted of various activities and good times.

Now we are the usual majestic, sophisticated seniors. It does produce a fluttering feeling to hold such an important place in school life. The years have flown by! This year we have shown an interesting moving picture, "Captain Blood". Our class play, "The Goose Hangs High," proved most entertaining. The junior-senior reception is not far distant. For the first time in the history of the school a fourth company

of cadets has been formed. The activities of the various clubs and teams have been commendable.

The Class of '27 has made its tiny contribution to the history of T. H. S. We are nearing the place where the ways must part, nearing the goal which we have endeavored so diligently to attain. The more we study, the more we realize how little we know and how much we have to learn. Although each will go his own separate way, we are keenly aware that Taunton High has left its stamp upon our characters, and that, although we may not remember details, yet our studies have become a part of our character and have thus passed over into our beings.

We shall try to prove a credit to our school, to live up to its principles, and, by leading lives of service, to show our gratitude to our Alma Mater.

A HERMIT

ANTONE STAFOŃWIC

A GRADUATE

HOPE TALLMAN

There she stands in a bright clear light,
Golden hair, pretty, a vision in white;
To every one a real delight;
With blushing cheeks, a gleeful smile,
Both young and old she does beguile;
She, a lass for yet a while.

THE CLASS PROPHECY

CHARLES A. DEAN

WHIRR! WHIRR-R-R-R! A terrific grinding and clashing of gears caused several passengers in the aeroplane to start nervously. A few women screamed hysterically. Hodges was winding his watch! It was a sunny day in the year 1955 A. F. (After Flivvers): Hodges and I were en route to Taunton. We had made our fortunes in New York by taking the holes out of doughnuts, cutting them up, and shipping them to a large wholesale concern in Dingflewett Center, Kansas. Because an eminent physician had informed us that we needed a complete change, we determined to visit Taunton, and as a monkey once remarked to a banana tree, thereby hangs a tail.

As soon as our feet touched terra firma we rushed to a telephone booth and called up the Rushmore Taxi Company, owned by Bill Rushlow, and demanded a cab. An hour later a taxi arrived, driven by Charles Eldridge, who was assisted by Gibson, a back seat driver, who had been promoted to the front.

"Drive us to some inn or hotel," I shouted.

"There is the Soakalot Hotel owned by Staples, and the All Inn owned by Norman Westgate," replied Eldridge.

After flipping a coin, we directed him to take us to the Soakalot.

We surprised the hotel clerk, Zita Connolly, by hiring a suite of rooms in the forty-ninth story (not a bedtime one).

"But," warned Manager Banks, "you can't leave until you have paid your bill!"

"Fine, we'll make this our permanent residence," said Hodges much to the amusement of Misses Ernst and Alger, who were reading Sheik Snapshots.

After instructing porter Bradshaw to take up our baggage, I suggested that a bite to eat would not offend the stomach. Hodges agreed, and we entered Hubbard's Hash House which had a large sign over the door, "EAT HERE AND DIE AT HOME".

"Stafonwix's musical soup is a specialty today," announced Cashier Deveny, "It's the best tasting soup you ever heard."

"It sounds so," I replied. Motioning to a waiter, we sat down.

"Hey, I don't like all these flies around here," said Hodges to Fat McCaffrey, the grand bouncer.

"Point out the ones you don't like, and I'll chase them away," said Fat obligingly.

Attracted by a loud crunching noise, I turned to see Robbins rolling peas off his vest.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm a plumber, and I hang around bad joints," he replied.

"Say," interrupted Foley, publicity agent for the King Coal Co., "That blonde over there certainly is the gnat's eyebrow. By the way, were you ever electrocuted?" he added, peering at the Mayor of Berkley.

"Naw," returned Robbins, "The jury disagreed."

As this was more than I could stand, I sat down.

Then from a table nearby, "I think you're out of tune," said Hope Tallman to Harriet Carlow, who was eating soup.

"Well, I haven't a good ear for music," replied Harriet, "but I have musical feet—two flats."

Just then Waiter Bird, former proprietor and sole owner of Bird's Birdie Store, brought our order, and I tipped him with a Canadian dime. Sensing something unusual, I turned to behold none other than Wright Briggs dilly dallying with a wedge of apple pie. He seemed rather worried because his rich relatives were so healthy. "However," he said, "I expect to fill my uncle's shoes some day even if he does wear elevens."

CRASH! Third Assistant Dishwasher, Cy Bullock, had fallen off the end of the cigar he had been smoking. He hovered for a few minutes between life and death, but quickly opened his eyes when someone in the crowd cried, "There goes Eleanor!"

Louise Lapham began to play the piano.

"What do you think of her execution?" asked Sarah Stampel.

"That would be an excellent idea," cried Hodges and I simultaneously.

After the disturbance aroused by this statement had quieted down, I walked over to talk with Shel Hodges, the sunny-faced youth behind the counter. I learned from Shel that this was the place where Cronin, the hard beat cop, usually waved his knife and fork. Although Shel was very busy, he had a little time to converse with me.

"Gimme an order of pea-soup," cried Chick O'Connell climbing onto stool.

"One splash of split peas," shouted Shel.

"A couple of sinkers and a cup of coffee without cream," said a gink next to Chick.

"Two submarines and a mug of murk—no cow!" bawled Shel. "I ain't seen you guys for a long while," he went on addressing me, "Where have you been keeping—"

"An order of ham and eggs," interrupted Chick.

"Roost two on a slice of squeal," shouted Shel into the tube.

"Beef stew and a cup of coffee for me," said a new arrival.

"Bossy in a bowl—boiled leaves on the side!" sang Shel. Then to me.
"I thought you had left town because—"

"Where's my eggs on toast?" complained Sydney Rideout, a busy business man.

"Rush the biddies on a raft," yelped Shel. "Say if you ever go to Crankshaft, Indiana, look up my Uncle Jake, will you?"

I slid off the stool that I had been occupying as I saw Hodges was through.

"I want a bowl of tomato soup," began Joe Valentine, who grabbed my stool, "a plate of beans, bread, butter, a piece of apple pie, and a glass of water."

I figured that the translation of this order into lunch lingo would be well worth listening to. Shel seemed puzzled, but only for an instant; then he shouted into the tube as follows—

"One splash of red noise, platter of Saturday nights, dough well done with cow to cover, Eve with the lid on, and a chaser of Adam's ale."

"A dish of green peas," cried Rideout.

Shell waved "good-by" before he yelled, "A thousand on a plate."

On reaching the sidewalk, we ran into Silverman, salesman for the Stickmore Glue Company, owned by Charlie DeZorrett. He seemed rather stuck up, and I even thought he was going to paste us. However, he walked off leaving us glued to the spot.

Suddenly Hodges rushed madly down the street trying to catch his breath. Having sent a shout of encouragement after him, I entered Friedman's Drug Store and bought a tube of Owers' awful Toothpaste guaranteed to prevent halitosis and other wild animals from attacking you. I approached Guillet, who was jerking soda. "Punch," I cried, and he made a lusty swing in my direction. I fell to the floor, took a quick course in astronomy, and recovered to see a circle of admiring citizens, among whom were Misses Pero, Prado, Rose, Ranard, Wolfe, and White. After making a remark to the effect that banana skins ought to be non-skid, I left the store.

Next I entered Dunn's Habercashery, where I bumped into Boardman who was just leaving.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, noting the pained expression on his face.

"I asked Davison for a collar to suit my neck, and he showed me a rubber one," he replied.

"Never mind, little one," cried Davison, who was blowing his nose, "Christmas will soon be here. Davison was later picked up by Gontkiewicz, the ashman, while looking for pink seaweed.

I bought a soft hat to suit my head and turned to leave. However, things took a different turn, as a flivver driver once observed when the steering wheel snapped. I tripped over none other than Matthews, the osteopath, who was rolling bones on the floor, denting his tin ear, and smashing his hoot-owl glasses.

"Hey, whatdoya think this is, scrimmage?" he cried with more heat than there is in Africa.

"Aw, tie up your shoe. Your tongue is hanging out," said a rough looking individual who had just entered. Taking advantage of his arrival, I sneaked out just as the beautiful sun was setting—behind the rain clouds.

Hodges sauntered down the street. He had been in the Westcoat Smoke Shop, where he bought some Egyptian cigarettes made from Connecticut tobacco. "The members of the Fish Cake Association, Lillian Evans, president, and Amy Flemming, vice president, are giving a ball tonight at Squash Auditorium owned by Alice Doherty: I have purchased two tickets," announced "Heinie".

"Oh, it's a Fishball. What's the name of the orchestra?" I inquired.

"The Weary Willies, led by Joe Crovello."

"Fine, but the day is young yet. Let's go to the movies," I suggested.

We saw Mae Murray in "A Soapbox" at the Bejeweled, owned by Misses Jackson and Woodard, and managed by Alice Goodell. The theatre had all the latest improvements including indecent lighting by Sheehan and Shearstone, and inferior decorating by the Costello Brothers. Unfortunately we were thrown out for laughing at the jokes by Roza, the usher.

"Let us have peace," cried "Heinie". We entered the court house but couldn't take a seat—they were all nailed to the floor. The judge was none other than "Dot" Wood, and the jury was composed of Misses McGrath, Marsden, McManus, Meehan, and Mehegan.

"Witness, will you please repeat your last sentence?" asked the judge, who was deaf in one ear and couldn't hear with the other.

"My last sentence was two years," replied Helen Padelford, the witness, to the amusement of Mary Riley and Helen Rounds.

"Is it true that you swallowed a quantity of gold paint instead of [redacted]?" Lawyer Eleanor Latham asked Defendant Evelyn Lawlor.

"Yes!" replied the defendant.

"Then she must be guilty!" cried the jury.
Next Shirley Lemaire was cross examined.
"Have you any witness to prove your statement?" asked Beatrix Fountain, the prosecuting attorney.

"I have an eye witness," she replied gingerly, placing a finger on her black eye.

On hearing this, we made a hurried exit and dashed over to the Salvation Army Hall. We entered to find "Stewie" Mann giving a lecture on how to rescue a person from drowning. "A man's wife falls in the river," cried Stewie; "and naturally he rushes to the bank—

"To collect the life insurance!" shouted Misses Kos, Callahan, and Carney in unison from the back row.

The next speaker was Merrill Hartshorn, who gave a talk entitled, "How Unjust Is This Cruel World."

"Just think," he screamed, "the coat and pants do all the work; it's the vest that gets the gravy!"

We managed to escape from the hands of this fanatic and reach the sidewalk safely. Passing by Phyllis Bishop's Five & Ten we saw poor "Snub" Pollard bearing an I-Am-Blind placard. Such was his surprise when he saw us that he immediately ran up and shook our hands, much to the amusement of Edith Caswell and Catherine Cedy who were standing nearby.

Misses Immerman, Reynolds, Hood, and McKechnie, the four queens, walked by making Hodges and me feel like a mere two-spot. Suddenly I was blinded by the glare of a pole that had almost as many stripes and colors as had Cohen's famous golf stockings. Over the pole hung a sign "Silva's Barber Shop."

"Let's go in and have the tapestry trimmed," I suggested. Hodges agreed.

"Shave twenty cents, haircut fifty cents," shouted Barber Kenyon. "Will you shave my head for twenty cents?" I asked with the fond hope of saving thirty cents. Charlie flew into such a passion at this remark that he had to be carried out by a fellow who was waiting there to collect ears for an iron ear infirmary. Barber Dick Woodard took his place. He cut me twice and then started to saw desperately at my left ear.

"Hey, what's the idea?" I yelled indignantly.

"I'm shaving at cut rates," he replied.

The manicure girl was none other than Mary Campbell.

"I have held some wonderful hands," she murmured.

"Har! Har! You must be a good poker player." Whereupon she seized a gun lying by the cash register.

"Don't fire. The gun isn't loaded," cried Woodard.

However, I left with half my face shaved, and, believe me, that was a close shave.

I waited for Heinie in front of a large store owned by Shipper-Hoye & Co. Heinie walked along gazing at various signs. I looked up and beheld "Fletcher's Collapsible Bathtubs" and then a huge sign, with gold letters reading, "THE VARGAS SCHOOL OF FAWN CY DAWNCING." Suddenly a huge truck rumbled by,—the letters, Smith, Smith & Smith, Shippers of Small Smoked Smelt, inscribed on the side. This was too much. I bought a bag of popcorn, and we beat a hasty retreat to the hotel to prepare for the Fishball.

Night Clerk Charlie Leonard informed us that Reid had taken the elevator up to the seventy-sixth story and would not be down for several hours.

"We agreed to stay here providing we got service!" yelled Heinie, with righteous indignation.

"Anyone is a sap to agree on anything," the clerk responded.

"Do you agree on that?" I asked.

"Sure!" said Charlie to the amusement of Misses Nicholds and Nicker-son, the efficiency experts.

There were two stairways, but we selected the left one which was right. On the way up we saw Dias in a white uniform cleaning up in a fashion that would make a Florida real estate agent bite his nails. I had fallen arches by the time we reached our rooms and was so peeved I hurled the bag of popcorn out of the window. Misses Parker, Parris, and Patenaude, standing below, thought it was snowing and almost froze to death. Suddenly Bellhop Glaser rushed in with a bouquet of wall flowers.

"Dinner is ready and the elevator is here," he announced.

Accordingly we went down and entered a huge dining-room screened by itching palm trees and whiffle trees with jail birds twittering in the branches. Sam Paige, the grand exhausted ruler of the Elks, made a speech. Then everyone began to eat. "Al" Richmond and "Jazz" Perry, two real estate agents, were arguing about a land deal.

"Of course the property goes to the buyer," said Al.

"Naturally, it wouldn't go to the seller, would it?" interrupted Perry.

"Certainly," answered Powers, the cross word puzzle boxer, who

always started vertical and finished horizontal. "Doesn't whiskey go to the buyer and then to the cellar?"

Poole, the great engineer and inventor of the new soup inhaler, began to talk.

"How many horse power has your new engine?" asked Staples, the owner of the hotel.

"Thirty-four!" replied "Rawger."

"Bunk," said Staples, "tell us that the thirty-four horses wag their ears at the engine, and we'll believe you."

"Nonsense, but the engine wags its ears at the horses," snapped "Rawger."

"We didn't know an engine had ears," chimed in Dot Orsi and Muriel Foster.

"Don't show your ignorance!" said Poole. "Didn't you ever hear of an engineer?"

"As an engineer "Rawger" certainly knows his oil," remarked Sam Drehorn, who lit a cigarette, put the match in his mouth, and threw the cigarette away.

"After dinner let's shoot pool," someone suggested. On hearing this Rawger quickly evaporated from the table.

As this was a nine-course dinner, of course the last course was soup, of course. I nudged "Heinie" and we left.

While we were waiting for a street car, three invalids, Shove, Wordell, and Siekierka were being wheeled along by Misses Brownell, Inman, and Westgate. "Heinie," who was deeply moved by this touching sight, stopped one of the nurses and began to ask questions. He was informed that Shove had unconsciously left home without his hat and had been attacked by woodpeckers, that Wordell, through mistaken identity, had been severely injured by squirrels in the park, and that Siekierka had broken his arm in the act of patting himself on the back.

"I'm a trained nurse," added Dot Westgate proudly.

"Well, let's see some of your tricks," said I.

Because of the rash remark we were forced to sprint about a mile.

After I had started to sweat gumdrops, the car appeared and we entered.

"Where does this go?" I asked Motorman Davis, who told people where they got off.

"Weir!" he answered.

"Yes, where?" I shouted, at the same time melting half my celluloid collar.

"Weir! Weir!" he screamed pointing to the sign.

This disturbance attracted the attention of Vanderwarker, the laundryman, who had just put his clothes on, and Katherine Menges, who was going to the dye house to get some color for her new novel. We selected a seat, and found none other than "Ray" Leonard and "Gag" Cushman in front of us. On the other side we noted Misses Hagopian, Hodgkins, and Hollindale listening to their conversation. We decided to listen also.

"As I was saying," remarked Ray, "when we were in the middle of the ocean we were attacked by Indians—"

"Essence of the banana bush!" said Gag. "Who ever heard of Indians—?"

"Don't interrupt!" cried Ray. "We were in the Indian Ocean! The ship foundered, and everyone was drowned except myself. While walking around on the bottom of the ocean, I felt rather thirsty so I walked up to the bar—"

"Har! Har!" laughed Gag sarcastically, "A bar—."

"Sand bar!" snapped Ray impatiently. "I saw someone playing pool but I couldn't beat him."

"Why not?" I asked innocently.

"He was a shark!" replied Ray. "Then I looked up only to see a school of fish swimming several feet above the water—"

"This is rich," said Hodges, "a school of fish swimming above the water!"

"This was a high school!" yelled Ray.

Just then Motorman Davis cried, "Change at the corner!"

Laundryman Vanderwarker took off his clothes and left followed by Misses Tripp and Scanlon.

"Suddenly it began to rain," resumed Ray, "but I got under a wave where I met Misses Brennan, Blim, and DeLong who were doing light-house keeping."

We arrived at Squash Auditorium only a few minutes late as it was "Be Kind To Animals" week, and Davis did not wish to pass the snail on the track. As we entered, I heard a sound not unlike that of a man with rubber boots on walking through a custard pie. Crovello, with rough hair on his head to start a mattress factory, was tuning up his orchestra. "The Simplefonians", led by "Milt" Cohen, were preparing for a battle of music with the "Weary Willies." The dancing had not started so I wandered into the cookroom where Misses Gorman and Johnson were trying to make a fire. Miss Johnson found a fire extinguisher

and with this started a roaring fire. I left the room and saw to my disgust that the only unoccupied bench was occupied by Misses MacDonald and Manchester.

"Don't you think my moustache is becoming?" said Westcoat to Misses Murray, Morrissey, and O'Leary, president, vice president, and treasurer of the W. C. T. U.

"It may be coming, but it hasn't arrived yet," remarked "Nat" Woods, who was adding a scent to a dollar by putting perfume on it.

Leonard Briggs sneaked up behind me.

"Do you know I have charge of the State Hospital?" he asked.

"Dew tell!" said I.

"Yes, and almost everyone there is crazy about me. Visit me sometime, there's always room for one more!" he added significantly.

"Well, all nuts don't come from Brazil," I thought.

Just then "Chick" Lesser walked by with Rose White giving me such a dirty look that I had to leave to wash my face. In five minutes I returned and got revenge by giving him a cold look whereupon he contracted pneumonia.

"Aren't you going to dance?" asked Detective Sheehan, famed for running down his heels.

"Well, I'm a little stiff," I explained.

"You are not," declared Sheehan, "You're a big stiff."

"Where do you work?" said Miss Rochette to Miss Vincent.

"I work for Street and Walker, where do you work?" asked Miss Vincent.

"For Seemore and Dooless," replied Alice.

Refreshments were next served while Misses Callahan, Spencer, and Leonard sang two songs entitled, "I Like To Eat Soup With A Hatpin" and "Moonlight And Molasses."

An hour later, on reaching the sidewalk, I discovered Hodges in a barrel marked, "RUBBISH ONLY". He had been done up by a trio of ruffians and swallowed his gold tooth together with the core of his Adam's Apple.

Very early (in the morning) we crawled into our rooms. I heard the two house detectives talking in the corridor.

"Shh-h-h! I hear a noise!" said one. "Perhaps it is the clock striking."

"Nay, tis only the bed ticking," replied the other.

"No, it sounds like the bark of a tree, probably the wild prune!" answered the first.

Heinie and I flopped on the bed simultaneously and were rendered unconscious for about five hours. I was dreaming that Shel Smith was leading a debate entitled "Does a Duck's Down Keep it up", when bellhop "Looie" Glaser rushed into the room. Hodges cast an angry glance and also a shoe in his general direction. "Looie" grabbed the shoe, thinking it was a tip, and "Heinie" had to chase him down the corridor to buy it back. Probably "Looie" figured he would get the other shoe the next morning.

A week later authorities forced us to leave Taunton because a laughing hyena in the zoo had died laughing at us! We enjoyed ourselves so much during our short stay that—as a fellow once remarked to his wife, who discovered a scented note in his pocket, "I'd like to tell you about it, but I haven't got time enough!"

It is needless to say that when we left via the Taunton river in a stone boat once owned by Charlie Eldridge, we had only the best of wishes for our good old chums and former classmates of Taunton High. May their can openers never fail them, may their ears be their outstanding features, and may they always enjoy life and liberty with health and happiness!!

TO MT. WASHINGTON
LEONARD F. HUBBARD

Peer of the mountains that cluster about thee,
Lord of New England that fawns at thy feet,
Survivor of ages too countless to number—
I long for thee alway, O sacred retreat!

Oft from the stupor of dust-laden city
Turn I to Nature, seek refuge with thee:
My sorrows dissolve like a haze in the sunshine
When to lake and to mountain, despairing I flee.

Men in the cities steal off from the uproar,
Retire to their churches for moments of prayer,
And the countrymen go to their quaint-steepled chapels,
Giving their bit though they've little to spare.

But I, of a cast that is unlike my fellows,
Depart to the mountains, and deep in their shade,
Find solace in forests, communion in silence,
And strength through the beauty of what God hath made.

CLASS WILL

In the name of F. Arthur Walker, Amen!

Since our departure from this glorious institution is near at hand we, one of the most illustrious classes ever turned out by Taunton High School, being for the most part of sound mind, do hereby solemnly ordain this to be positively and absolutely our last will, testament, codicil, or similar document.

As executors of this testament, we appoint the members of our class that may tarry an additional year in further pursuit of knowledge.

To the faculty, which has tolerated us for four years in addition to inculcating into our feeble cerebrums such facts as could be infused into such material, we leave a well-deserved rest in the hope that they will never again meet with such a class.

Moreover, we give and bequeath as follows:

To the class of 1928; full and undisputed right to the use of the senior coat-rooms with a clear conscience, and the satisfaction of watching the other classes do homage by rising when said class enters the Assembly Hall.

To the class of 1929; The right to join such clubs from which they have been hitherto excluded because of their extreme youth and juvenility.

To the class of 1930; Enough vacant seats in the Assembly Hall, so that they may attend assemblies.

To the incoming class of 1931; Any standing room that will be available.

In addition, distinguished brethren and cistern of our order make the following bequests;

Capt. Hubbard; I bequeath the cup that Co. B will win this June to the next captain of Co. B.

Capt. Briggs; I bequeath the cup that Co. C will win this June to the next captain of Co. C.

Capt. Vanderwarker; I bequeath the cup that Co. A will win this June to the next captain of Co. A.

Capt. Smith; I bequeath the cup that Co. D will win this June to the next captain of Co. D.

C. Boardman; I desire that my position as ice cream server on the girls' side of the lunch-room be given to Mr. George Magee. I hope

that he has better success than I had in keeping the fickle sex in good humor.

C. Bullock, P. Cushman: We bequeath our enrapturing and harmonious horseLaughs to the dignified Ivan Bentley and the quiet "Newc" Reid.

H. Carlow: To Madeleine Poole '30, my "squeaky" desk in 103, with the promise that she will *not* annoy Mr. Walker.

L. Davison: To "Bud" Knox, '28, I leave my ability to vibrate neckties with my prominent Adam's apple.

To any junior, my job in the lunch-room, and with it my capability of convincing freshmen that pistachio is vanilla ice cream.

C. Dean: I leave a quantity of Hair Groom to Mr. Hathaway with which to lubricate his curly locks.

B. Fountain: I leave my patience and good temper with teachers who are generous with assignments to Estelle Hopkins.

H. Hodges: To Miss Stewart, a broad smile with which to surprise the seniors next fall.

To "Billy" Swan '28, my front seat in Sen. Algebra where he may receive Mr. Walker's greetings each morning.

L. Hubbard: To the next editor-in-chief of the *Tauntonian*; Something, which promptly employed, will simplify the hapless wretch's journalistic career—a box of bichloride of mercury tablets.

To W. Walker '29, my silence in social spheres, for he needs it more than I.

H. Inman: I bequeath to Louisa Rhodes my duties in the lunch-room. May she always keep the freshmen under control.

R. Leonard: To the next president of the school council, I leave the difficulty of trying to inveigle members to talk, and also a quart of mercurous chloride that has been allowed to stand nine years.

I. Lesser: To Ivan Bentley '28, the hope that he may play "Insane Sam" in the coming play, "The Nut House".

J. Perry: To Jack Higgins, I bequeath my position as tenor in the Locker Room Quartette.

R. Poole: To "Skinny Winny" Walker '29, I leave my favorite place on the piano for algebra papers.

To Miss Stone, I leave one (1) bottle of Carter's "Blue-Black Writing Fluid" to be delivered into her care on Graduation Night. This is to be used solely for the assistance of seniors with dry fountain pens.

A. Richmond: I bequeath to Albert Scully my great enjoyment and understanding of Burke's *Conciliation with America*.

M. Silverman; To "Kink" Goldstein, I bequeath my left-hand screw-driver to fix my crooked seat in 101.

S. Smith; I bequeath my unlimited stock of more or less valid excuses for making extensive tours and personal calls every recess to any junior with ability to "spread the salve."

H. Tallman; To "Hoppie" Hopkins '28, I bequeath the time lost in gathering books for the fifth period, with the hope that he can collect books faster than I can.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto put our hand this thirty-second day of May, 1927.

THE SENIOR CLASS

Witness to the publishing hereof.

Aristotle

Pisistratus

John L. Mahoney

Probatum fuit testamentum Suprascriptum apud Seckonk, Coram Magistro H. Sheldon Smith.

A FORD JOSEPH VALENTINE

A little gas, a little oil,
A little spark, a little coil,
A little fun, and loads of toil,
A piece of tin, a two-inch board,
An engine, and some binding cord,—
Added together make a Ford.

SPRING HOUSECLEANING

LEONARD F. HUBBARD

AS soon as the snow has melted, and Spring has decided to "take off its hat and stay a while", the annual curse, known as "spring house-cleaning", descends upon every New England home. The men dread it before it begins, and breathe deeply and peacefully when it is over. And why shouldn't we?

There are two ways by which we men may learn the approach of this great calamity of the New England home. At about the time when we are enjoying life once more, when we have no more coal to shovel, and can wear our light overcoats without fear of catching cold, the woman of the house makes the casual statement that housecleaning time has come. That is the first, and less subtle method. Then there is the more artful procedure! Mr. Average Citizen merely overhears his wife telephoning a stupendous order for cold boiled ham. Mr. Jones, as we shall call him, resigns himself, for there is nothing he can do to avert the disaster.

Some sunny day Mr. Jones returns home for lunch with the intention of shedding his coat and vest in his den, as usual. Instead, he stands speechless and wild-eyed at the door of his sanctum sanctorum, for it looks like the attic of a furniture store in the process of removal. Mrs. Jones, arrayed in apparel sacred to the occasion, with a cloth fantastically wound about her head, is in the very act of throwing away his most holy treasures. She has, apparently, invaded the den, dragged the furniture into the middle of the floor, hauled down the pictures, dusted, washed, and sorted, until Mr. Jones despairs of ever getting things back to their normal, higgledy-piggledy condition.

A monstrous assortment of miscellaneous articles is piled in the very center of the disturbance. Mrs. Jones hurls a handful of neckties on the heap, and pauses a moment for breath, a disreputable hat clutched in one hand. Mr. Jones, horror in every feature of his countenance, can restrain himself no longer. He dashes into the room, exclaiming, "My hat! Give it to me!"

"What for?" says his wife, "you don't want that outrage any longer. It looks now as if it had been through the war." She holds it at arm's length behind her, at the same time trying to calm her gibbering, gesturing husband. After a long and heated argument, Mr. Jones succeeds

in rescuing his ancient hat, and then pokes over the rubbish pile with ejaculations of mingled consternation, indignation, and triumph. Controversy arises, with the result that Mr. Jones stalks out of the room with an armful of salvaged hats, magazines, neckties, and pipes. Mrs. Jones apparently derives much satisfaction from the battle, for she suspends the campaign with reluctance as she picks up some dinner for her singularly unappreciative husband. Dinner is a brief and silent business. Mr. Jones is anxious to renew the attack, and Mr. Jones is still cross at having found his treasure-room ransacked, and heaven-only-knows how many more gems missing. He is afraid to leave his wife, "cleaning" the den, and, as a consequence, is late in returning to work. This experience does not improve his temper at all.

Upon hurrying home at noon next day, Mr. Jones sees, as an ill-omen, the dog sitting on the front walk, and howling a mournful wail. The dirge ceases when Mr. Jones speaks to the dog. Mr. Jones is in a hurry to change his clothes in order to attend a business meeting. He is so glad he knows just where everything is, for he is in a hurry, and this particular meeting is important—he must look well. He goes upstairs three steps at a time, only to find the way blocked with furniture. His wife is cleaning the bedroom! In the course of changing his clothes, he dashes madly from one room to another trying to locate the particular piece of furniture holding certain necessary articles. He mutters words which are incoherent, but unmistakably formidable. As the storm has broken upon the dining-room, too, he eats a hurried lunch in the kitchen, blackening his light suit on the edge of the stove. Then he dashes off to his meeting.

As he steps off the street car next day, grimly he wonders what the Fates now hold in store for him. He is put out of sorts by beholding the front door of his house wide open. Grumbling, he tramps up the front steps, to view an empty, naked hall. He walks in: his feet slither on fresh varnish. He curses heartily as he retreats, endeavoring to gain the front door with both feet off the ground at the same time. Mrs. Jones, hearing the commotion, thrusts her head around the corner of the door at the far end of the hall, rebukes Mr. Jones for his shocking language, scolds him for ruining the floor, and demands why in the name of heaven he can't go around to the back door just once in his life. Mr. Jones obeys only to find that the spring lock has snapped shut. Another unpleasant scene occurs.

When the tempest has quieted a bit, Mrs. Jones impresses upon her husband that the living-room floor is freshly varnished, that he cannot

use the radio because he cannot get to it without crossing the floor, and that he will have to smoke and read in the den. Then she gets his dinner.

About six o'clock Mr. Jones comes home, not by street car, but in a handsome sedan with one of the city's richest men, with whom he has transacted some business that augurs for still more in the future. Mr. Jones is justly happy. Upstairs he sees a light, but there is no light downstairs. He unlocks the front door and enters. He removes his coat and hat, whistling softly. "Let's see, there should be some good music on the radio now." He presses the button of the living-room light. Nothing happens. "The bulb has burned out," says Mr. Jones; "I knew it was about time for it to happen anyway." He walks in and turns on the radio. Horror of horrors! This floor is freshly varnished! He had forgotten! In great leaps he dives for the door, but, in the dark, collides with a step ladder, banging his head and cracking both funny-bones. A voice shrills from above. "It's all right to go in the living-room. The floor's dry, but I haven't moved the furniture back yet."

Thus spring housecleaning, as the cause of accident and loss of temper, is the most disturbing agent of the domestic tranquillity of the New England home. We men would gladly dispense with it—but the housekeepers—never. As the other fifty-one weeks of the year are all the more glorious by comparison with that short period of housecleaning, and as the mind of a woman is unalterable, once it is fixed, we men must endure, as best we may, this annual New England cataclysm.

A SCHOOL LAD

EDITH TRIPP

In the fall I saw him go,
Tanned and sad and very slow,
To the open schoolhouse door,
Musing in his childish mind,
Why his small dog, left behind,
Should be free, and he confined.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS SENTENCE?

Perry and Pollard sat up until 3 o'clock preparing their English.
Sam Paige never won a medal.

Roger Poole failed to dictate to his superiors.

Bernice Hood answered in harsh, rude tones.

Leonard Hubbard doesn't care for books.

Henry Hodges expressed no ideas on the subject.

Shel Hodges can't tell one note from another.

Silva turned on his radio last night, sat until three o'clock in the morning, and got only two stations.

There will be no music. Wright Briggs will play the piano.

Edith Tripp has a perfect permanent wave.

John Mahoney is studying a chapter of Etiquette on How to Conduct Oneself in Late Street Cars.

Charles Vargas did not shoot a single basket all winter.

Hodges sits tight at recess.

Dot Westgate looked lonesome on her way to school.

Miss Salthouse omitted to add, "La leçon pour demain (the lesson for tomorrow)."

"Don't come out to practice today," answered Dave: "you can well afford to take an afternoon off."

"Fat" McCaffrey kept his mouth shut: neither did he smile.

Vanderwarker spent Sunday reading poetry.

Bullock couldn't frame a novel alibi.

Ray Leonard is a gruff, cross, thoughtless creature who doesn't care for music of any description.

Mr. Walker casually, mildly, even sweetly replies, "Certainly, Cushman: run around all you care to this recess. Exercise is good for you."

MINIATURES

ANTS

G. WRIGHT BRIGGS

In the hill I watch them crawl,
Scrambling up the sand dunes tall,
Whereupon they push and haul,
And I wonder at my post
With what purpose such a host
Rambles forward up the coast.

A JUDGE

PAULL CUSHMAN

Up the street with steady gait
And features firm and sedate
Walks the Judge of the Probate:
The confidence of his stride,
His efforts to help and guide,—
All display his civic pride.

MY DOG

LINCOLN DAVISON

I watch him nap upon the floor
With his back against the door,
Unconscious of his mighty snore:
While he sleeps upon the mat,
Is he dreaming of a rat,
Or of some hostile, gray tom cat?

A BACHELOR

CHARLES DE ZORETT

When he turns home at close of day,
Who gently chides his long delay,
And by his side delights to stay?
Then he resolves to change his fate,
To abandon his single state,
And Love to Hymen's altar take.

A TRAMP

CHARLES ELDRIDGE

His eyes are shifty, his hair is black,
His beard's unshaven—his mouth is slack,
His ragged shoulder carries a pack.
His story I'd really like to know;
Where he has been, where he would go,
And why he became an ambitionless hobo.

A FLAPPER

MARTHA HOLLINDALE

Often laughing hard and shouting,
Sometimes rude and sometimes taunting,
Kind at heart, yet prone to flirting,
Ever pert and smart and dapper,
Optimistic when things should matter,
That's America's famous flapper.

A FLOWER

BERNICE HOOD

Swaying softly on its slender stem,
In the innermost depths of a woody glen,
Its dewy petals half-unfurled,
To give its beauty to the world,
Seen only by God, and birds, and trees;
Soon its blossom withers,—dead are its leaves:
Yet it fulfilled its given tasks,
And that is all that the world asks.

A FLAPPER

HELENA HOYE

A short, slim form to fit her clothes,
Snappy eyes, a turned-up nose,
Thin lips tinted like a rose,
Hair fuzzed up in toss and furl,
Her forehead shaded with a curl,—
She's the latest modern girl.

A NEWSPAPER BOY

HELEN INMAN

"Globe, American, New York Times!"
Sung together until it rhymes,
Brings the thought to many minds
That the urchin standing there,
With grimy clothes and straggly hair,
More than earns his scanty fare.

A TURKEY

ELEANOR LATHAM

In the yard he struts along,
Keeping step with gobble-song,
Trusting nothing can go wrong,
Yet solicitous about his mates,
Who have departed these poultry gates
To adorn the family plates.

A CADET

RAYMOND LEONARD

In the hall I watch him march,
Strangely stiff as made of starch,
Under the dim and gloomy arch,
Stepping in his briskest way,
Moaning as his line doth sway,
Knowing that here's work, not play.

A VIOLINIST

ALICE MCKECHNIE

As his shaking hand takes up the bow,
And plays across the strings,
I know his violin to him
His only solace brings;
Sweet, gentle music from it he draws,—
Wild, weird strains until
The notes at length softly die away:
The strings and bow are still.

A FARMER

EVELYN MURRAY

Up and down the hilly rows
The thrifty-farmer way he goes.
The population's food he sows.
He asks little mercenary pay,—
Only to feel the sun's warm ray
And to see green growth each day.

AN OAK TREE

DOROTHEA ORSI

The monarch oak that grazes the sky,
I wonder if it will ever die.
Through winter, summer, rain, and snow,
Its huge outline does always show.
Its lofty limbs, its rugged chest
Are typical of Nature's best.

A FLAPPER

SAMUEL PAIGE

The modern flapper with her boyish bob,
Her extreme dress, face powdered with a dob,
Her "line" of talk, her slackness at her job,
Her wish to be more like men every day:
I wonder if it's right for her to say,
"We blame the men for making us this way".

OUR MAJOR
ROGER POOLE

Gimlet eyes and bristling beard,
Above the din his voice is heard;
"Fall in!" And almost afeard,
We jump to answer his demand.
And yet it is not fear, nor iron hand,
That makes us follow his command!

A FRESHMAN
GEORGE REID

In September I see him go,
With snappy step, and dressed just so;
How he does like to make a show!
But when with the Seniors he gets in Dutch,
And suffers their hazing, razzing touch,
He finds that really he's not so much.

A YOUNG INNOCENT
ALBERT RICHMOND

Every day the child I see
Brimming o'er with mirth and glee,
And childish love and purity,
With ne'er a care till years go by,
When there's many a sob and many a sigh,
And heartaches sharp, and tears to dry.

A RACER

WILLIAM RUSHLOW

In his car I watch him speed,
Through dusty lanes with madcap heed,
Where danger lurks at every curve,
Yet never losing his iron nerve:
I wonder if in one short breath
He'll race to victory—or to death.

A BUTTERFLY

GENEVIEVE SCANLON

I watch them softly close and then unfold,—
Those wings of downy brown and black and gold:
A butterfly, and just a few days old.
A week ago within the chrysalis it lay,
And yet God's handiwork, before my eyes today,
Tomorrow, will have died: it's Nature's way.

AMERICAN EAGLES

MAX SILVERMAN

Proud patriot birds they stand
On mountains high and grand,
Symbols of freedom's land.
The stars and stripes they hold,
Unfurled from talons bold,
Outspread o'er fields of gold.

WHAT A WHALE OF A DIFFERENCE JUST A FEW YEARS MAKE

(Remarks made by the Class of '27 in the lunchroom about 1923)

"Say, c'mon over to my house tonight and play ping-pong."
"Have ya seen Pop Walker?"
"Yes, we have no bananas!"
"Didja try my new ball glove?"
"I busted the chain on my bike."
"Just think, that guy took a girl to the movies. Eeeemagine!"
"The Snappy Five is a good orchestra."
"Le's have a game o' Mah Jongg tamorra."
"Goodness gracious."
"Ha! Ha! I hear Cy's taking a girl to the drill. Poor fella!"
"Why, Leonard Hubbard never looks at a girl."
"Yuh, I drilled in the front rank yesterday."

(Remarks made by the same class in the same place about 1927)

"Who ya takint the pictures tonight?"
"So's yurrold man!"
"Ya goin' over ta Webster St?"
"There's something the matter with the carburetor."
"Naw, I wouldn't take her to a dog fight."
"Sure, I gotta a date with Jean."
"For cryin' out loud."
"Who's zat jane I seen yuh with?"
"Ray's Revellers is a lousy orchestra."
"Izzat so? Well, I asked her nine months ago to go to this drill."
"*****!!!!!!-----??????!!!***----??!!!!!!*****?????-----!-*?!"
"Whattayuh know? there's a guy goin' stag to this dance."
"I prefer Lucky Strikes."
"Say, this is the first Friday night that that Hubbard guy hasn't
been over to her house."
"Whatta company I got."
"Bad news, and how: what I mean."

THE GREAT BRIGGS

LEONARD F. HUBBARD

THE three characteristics of my friend which most appeal to me are his love for the beauties of Nature, his profound erudition, and his simplicity.

When I say that he loves the beauties of Nature, I do not mean that he admires a stupendous mountain, or that he is entranced by a pretty landscape—no, nothing of the kind. The beauties of Nature he adores are the ones he takes to the prize drills, or upon whom he calls Friday nights. Let me show you exactly how his case stands. If you have important business to discuss with him, you can reach him by telephone in the evening. The method of locating him is something like this: You write down the names of all the fair ones you know, all the damsels of whom R. Leonard is in pursuit, augment this with the names of those at whose homes S. Smith is a frequent visitor, and then add every girl you have ever heard mentioned (that is if you haven't acquired writer's cramp at the end of the first sheet). If you obtain the telephone numbers of all these people and start calling, you may possibly reach the Great Briggs before midnight. I mean you may reach him unless he is at the movies, or in Boston, or at a dance with his lady-friend, or unless he is calling on someone whom you have accidentally overlooked. Even then you may not be able to locate this slippery sofa-hound, for he may be out riding. I have never happened to meet him, but I imagine that his car eats up the road, fairly *gnashes* it between its teeth, when he mashes the accelerator to the floor. It is really sad, joking aside, to witness the decline of such a promising chap. At one time my friend's ears would turn the color of blue litmus paper in a bottle of acid whenever a feminine name was mentioned: now, however, when several of us are riding, and discussing such sane topics as the Nicaraguan question, or the price of shredded wheat in Japan, the Great Briggs, spying a girl upon the horizon shrieks, "Whoozat?", and rubbers out the side of the car at the risk of losing his dear old turban.

My friend's great knowledge appeals to me, too. Despite the way in which he spends his evenings, I declare that there is a master-brain in his gigantic cranial organism. You would corroborate my statement if you could hear him speak French, German, or Latin, or recite Shake-

sporean lines, or better yet, express his discriminating self when he is trying to drive a nail. My friend's knowledge shows his versatility; he knows fragments of everything, although he attempts to conceal his wisdom by his modesty. Doubtless, if you should ask him if he played the piano, he would reply, "A little". Yet when the Great Briggs pounds the ivories with Ray's Snivelers (I mean Revelers), even the "steadfast nun, devout and pure," tingles for a Charleston.

Perhaps my friend's most attractive trait to me is his simplicity. He is almost childish. In school he seats himself soberly, automatically turns on his ferocious scowl when he puts on his glasses, peers owlishly about to make sure that he has not forgotten the order of periods and is in the right class, opens his notebook, and prepares to take down the next day's assignment. After the teacher has explained it in detail, and has started on the lesson, my friend hoists an interrupting hand to inquire the work for the next day's class. When Miss Salthouse has shown for the five-hundred and forty-seventh time that "*penser a*" means *to think about*, and has written seventeen illustrations of its use on the blackboard, the Great Briggs raises his hand and says, "*Penser* doesn't take *de* when it means *to think about*, does it?"

This childish simplicity appeals to me because it always comes as a surprise. I should as soon expect to read about Napoleon's playing dolls while his favorite general was being slaughtered, as to foresee some of my friend's foolish questions. The deep learning of the Great Briggs appeals to me because I like to match my puny mind against his mature intellect. But I do not understand how I tolerate his ravings about his girl-friends. Maybe I can endure these because, as President and shining example of Taunton's exclusive bachelor club, I am not prey to such paltry emotions. Anyway, the Great Briggs is the Great Briggs. I would not see him different.

A SOUTHERN HOLIDAY

WALLACE ROBBINS

A darky, with a bandaged toe,
Strumming on an old banjo.
White teeth flashing a ragtime tune,
Black feet dancing about that coon:
Down South where cotton grows
Tomorrow is tomorrow till today goes.

ATHLETICS



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RUTH RIGGINSON '24



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 Front row, D. GRIFFITHS, E. BEECHER, M. COOPER



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RICHARD OWERS
"Bernard"



DOROTHY WESTGATE
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Leo Day.....	ROGER POOLE
Rhoda.....	ELIZABETH BRUCE
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Mrs. Bradley.....	KATHERINE MENGES
Hugh Ingals.....	LEONARD BRIGGS
Ronald Murdock.....	PAULL CUSHMAN
Lois Ingals.....	DOROTHY WESTGATE
Bradley Ingals.....	IVAN BENTLEY
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Publicity Manager.....	HENRY HODGES
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N. REID
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Front row, left to right—E. CANNHAM, D. PHILCOFF, H. BURKE, H. HOYE



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Back row, left to right—FARRELL, VARGUS,
CARANICOS, GUZEWITZ, TWEEDY, BAROLAN, BERKOVER, CALIAMAAN, DEVERAUX,
Third row, left to right—THOMPSON, BLACK, NIEDZIOCHA, FIELDING, FITZGERALD, PALING, SCULLY, KING,
Second row, left to right—DAVIES, FONTE, EDWARDS, CLARK, O'CONNELL, GLASER, FLOOD, BOARDMAN,
Front row, left to right—DAVIES, FONTE, EDWARDS, CLARK, O'CONNELL, GLASER, FLOOD, BOARDMAN.

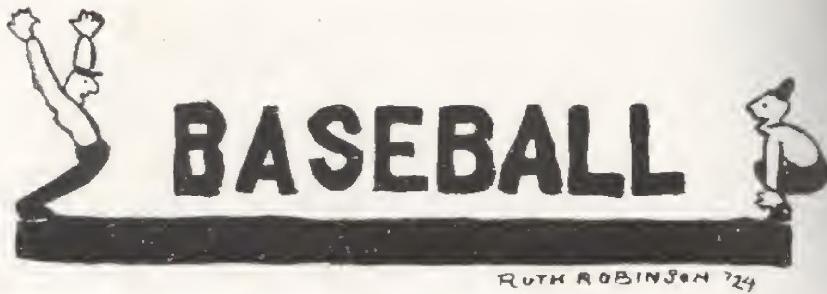


THE TEAM

JAMES CALLAHAN.....	<i>Left End</i>
LOUIS GLASER.....	<i>Left Tackle</i>
CHARLES O'CONNELL (<i>Capt.</i>).....	<i>Left Guard</i>
RUSSELL PALING.....	<i>Center</i>
PETER FLOOD.....	<i>Right Guard</i>
ALBERT CLARK.....	<i>Right Tackle</i>
ASHTON DIXON.....	<i>Right End</i>
CHARLES VARGUS.....	<i>Quarterback</i>
JOHN NIEDZIOCHA.....	<i>Left Halfback</i>
LAWRENCE FONTES.....	<i>Right Halfback</i>
ALBERT SCULLY.....	<i>Fullback</i>

THE SCHEDULE

T.		Opp
7	Oct. 2—New Bedford Vocational at Taunton.....	7
6	Oct. 12—Brockton at Brockton.....	25
6	Oct. 16—Abington at Abington.....	10
19	Oct. 23—Attleboro at Attleboro.....	0
6	Oct. 30—No. Attleboro at No. Attleboro.....	6
6	Nov. 6—Rodgers High at Taunton.....	26
3	Nov. 13—Durfee at Fall River.....	3
0	Nov. 20—Middleboro at Middleboro.....	6
13	Nov. 25—New Bedford Vocational at Taunton.....	0
<hr/>		<hr/>
66	Total	83

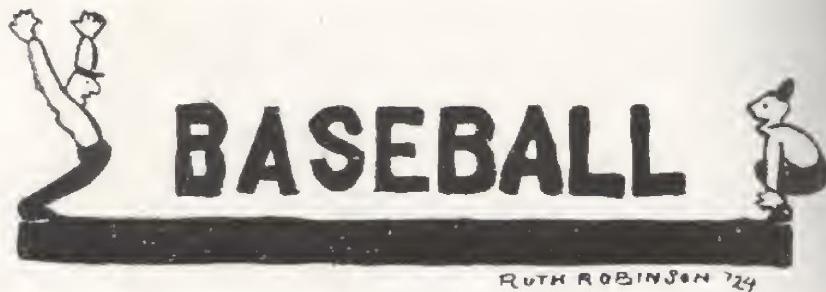


THE TEAM

JOSEPH GULA.....	<i>Pitcher</i>
CHARLES VARGUS.....	<i>Catcher</i>
RUSSELL PALING.....	<i>First Base</i>
JAMES PERRY.....	<i>Second Base</i>
LAWRENCE FONTES.....	<i>Short Stop</i>
JOHN NIEDZIOCHA (<i>Capt.</i>)	<i>Third Base</i>
CHARLES BOARDMAN.....	<i>Left Field</i>
JAMES CALLAHAN.....	<i>Center Field</i>
JOHN KOKOSKA.....	<i>Right Field</i>

THE SCHEDULE

T.		Opp.
12	April 22—Dartmouth at Taunton.....	1
4	April 26—Attleboro at Taunton.....	3
7	April 29—Durfee at Durfee.....	13
8	May 10—New Bedford Vocational at Taunton.....	5
9	May 13—New Bedford High at Taunton.....	1
5	May 17—Fairhaven at Fairhaven	3
	May 24—Attleboro at Attleboro	
	June 1—Durfee at Taunton	
	June 3—Dartmouth at Dartmouth	
	June 8—Fairhaven at Taunton	
	June 10—New Bedford at New Bedford	
	June 14—New Bedford Vocational at New Bedford	



THE TEAM

JOSEPH GULA.....	<i>Pitcher</i>
CHARLES VARGUS.....	<i>Catcher</i>
RUSSELL PALING.....	<i>First Base</i>
JAMES PERRY.....	<i>Second Base</i>
LAWRENCE FONTES.....	<i>Short Stop</i>
JOHN NIEDZIOCHA (<i>Capt.</i>)	<i>Third Base</i>
CHARLES BOARDMAN.....	<i>Left Field</i>
JAMES CALLAHAN.....	<i>Center Field</i>
JOHN KOKOSKA.....	<i>Right Field</i>

THE SCHEDULE

T.		Opp.
12	April 22—Dartmouth at Taunton.....	1
4	April 26—Attleboro at Taunton.....	3
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9	May 13—New Bedford High at Taunton.....	1
5	May 17—Fairhaven at Fairhaven	3
	May 24—Attleboro at Attleboro	
	June 1—Durfee at Taunton	
	June 3—Dartmouth at Dartmouth	
	June 8—Fairhaven at Taunton	
	June 10—New Bedford at New Bedford	
	June 14—New Bedford Vocational at New Bedford	



SAMUEL PAIGE
Saxophone

JOSEPH CROVELLO
Baritone

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N. WESTGATE	S. RHODES	R. BRADSHAW
W. IVES		F. HOLTHAM
B. SPENCER	<i>Clarinets</i>	L. DAVISON
G. CHASE	W. BRIGGS	H. RICHMOND
A. BEAUVIAS	I. BENTLEY	
<i>Trombones</i>	<i>Baritone</i>	<i>Soprano Saxophone</i>
L. BRIGGS	J. CROVELLO	M. COHEN
R. BRIGGS		
<i>Oboe</i>	<i>C Melody Saxophone</i>	<i>Tubas</i>
C. BOARDMAN	E. FITZGERALD	H. HODGES
<i>Snare Drum</i>	<i>Tenor Saxophones</i>	K. HALL
A. KING	C. DEAN	
	E. DENHOFF	<i>Cymbals</i>
		L. HUBBARD
	<i>Bass Drum</i>	R. LEONARD

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Front row, left to right—E. WESTGATE, E. O'BOYLE, L. CARANICOS, E. MATTOOS, M. BABBITT.



Back row, left to right—P. ORSI, MISS NICHOLS, W. GOFF, Front row, left to right—A. MAJIKUT, S. SOLMER, K. MENGES, L. CARTIER



Back row, left to right—E. CHRISTENSEN, M. MILLER, M. MILLS, MISS NICHOLS.
Front row, left to right—D. LUNA, H. MILLS, A. SILVIA, A. MOXON.



KATHERINE MENGES
Captain of Upperclassmen

BASKETBALL UPPERCLASS TEAM

A. MAJKUT.....	<i>Right Forward</i>
P. ORSI.....	<i>Left Forward</i>
K. MENGES (<i>Capt.</i>).....	<i>Right Guard</i>
S. SOLMAN.....	<i>Left Guard</i>
W. GOFF.....	<i>Center</i>
L. CARTIER.....	<i>Run Center</i>

FRESHMAN TEAM

B. COOPER.....	<i>Right Forward</i>
R. BUMP.....	<i>Left Forward</i>
H. CASTRO.....	<i>Right Guard</i>
L. CARANICOS.....	<i>Left Guard</i>
N. MAROTTE.....	<i>Center</i>
E. WESTGATE.....	<i>Run Center</i>



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CORNELIUS POWERS

WALLACE ROBBINS



She—How do I look?

He—Sweet enough to kiss.

She—Aw—go on.

Thin Lady—You're a coward—you're even afraid of your own shadow.

Fat Lady—Well, why shouldn't I be? It looks like a crowd following me!

"What's the feminine of cowboy?"

"Milkmaid."

NIGHTFALL

(An Effort To Get Away From Time-Worn Similes)

The sun sank like a red tomato
Behind a sky the color of mud.
One by one, then faster and faster
(Like bills on the first of the month)
The stars appeared.
The moon, a cooky someone had bitten, became visible:
The stars flickered and twinkled, like Ford lights when the ignition is bad:
The twittering of the birds was hushed, as if some celestial proctor had
entered an exam room.
Darkness fell—
Night settled on the landscape with the deliberation of a man falling from
the third story window in slow motion pictures.

Let us thank Mr. Wrigley. If it were not for chewing gum, lots of
people we know would never get any exercise at all.

Fortune Teller—You have a tendency to let things slide.
He—Yes, I play the trombone.

A young woman goes upstairs at 7:45 to dress for the evening. She
is nineteen years old and weighs 102 pounds. State the wait of the
young man downstairs.

They Call Him—
Bill cause he came on the first of the month.
Maple Syrup cause he's such a refined sap.
Luke cause he's not so hot.
Morris cause he's such a supreme ham.

HER FIRST TRIP ABROAD

Monday—Everybody came down to see me off. Everything is love-
ly.

Tuesday—Am having a fine time. Met the Captain of the ship.
Wednesday—Captain tried to kiss me. I indignantly refused.
Thursday—Captain is wild with anger. He says unless I consent,
he will blow up the ship.
Friday—I saved the lives of 500 passengers.

A woman's mind is as uncertain as a grapefruit's squirt.

Hat Check Girl—"Aren't you going to give me a tip? Why the champion tight-wad of the town gives me a dime."

Scotchman "He does? Well gaze upon the new champion."

He—"I'm going to kiss you."

(No answer).

He—(louder); "I'm Going To Kiss You."

(No answer).

He—"SAY, ARE YOU DEAF?"

She—"No, but you're dumb."

One Farmer—Out where I come from the squashes grow so big we have to haul them in with a team of horses.

Another One—That's nothing; out where I live the corn grows so fast that we have to keep two men at the base of each stalk to chop the ears off as they go by, and one day one of the fellows missed the ear and it caught under his belt. By heck, you won't believe it, but it carried him up so far that we had to shoot dog biscuits up to him with a shot-gum to keep him from starving.

Irate old lady to neighbor in subway; "Sir, your glass eye has broken my hatpin!"

emptys cuming back

have you evur sat by the r. r. track
& watched the emptys cuming back?
lumburing along with a groan and a whine—
smoke strung out in a long gray line
belched frum the panting injun's stack

just emptys cuming back.

i have and to me the emptys seam
like dreams i sumtimes dream—
of a girl or munney or
maybe fame
my dreams have all returned the same,
swinging along the homebound track
just emptys cuming back.

The Universal Watch word—Tick!

He—"Do you know the story about Mill River?"

Him—"Naw. What is it?"

He—"I couldn't tell you it's too dirty."

A telephone pole never hits an auto except in self defense.

Teacher—Use the word "Serenade" in a sentence."

Student—My sister Serenade an apple last night.

Nervous Woman (to beggar)—"If I give you a piece of cake, you'll never return, will you?"

Beggar—"Well, lady, you know your cake better than I do."

Lion Tamer—"Why isn't the side show open today?"

Peanut Vender—"Well—the sword swallower got indigestion from drinking some of my pink lemonade—the wild man's wife beat him up last night—the tattooed man got caught in a shower and had to be remade—the truant officers came and took Tom Thumb, the midget back to kindergarten—and the bearded lady went home to see his sick wife—so they called the show off."

"What do you think of the new washing machine I had sent out?" asked hubby.

"I don't like it at all," said Mrs. Newlywed, "every time I tried to climb in to take my bath the paddles knocked me down."

O'Reily—"Be gorra, and o'im tired!"

Mrs. O—"There ye go! Toired, and phwat air ye thinkin o' me? Standin all day over a hot stove, and you in a nice cool sewer."

Judge—"What's your name?"

Swede—"Tom Olson."

Judge—"Married?"

Swede—"Yes, bane married."

Judge—"Who'd you marry?"

Swede—"Oh, I marry a woman."

Judge—"Well, did you ever hear of anyone who didn't marry a woman?"

Swede—"Yes, my sister, she marry a man."

AUTOGRAPHS

Fran. S. 1928
John J. Smith '28
Cecil F. Shaw '28
Arthur J. Anthony '28
John W. Battaglia '28
Vincent Pelangi
Ernest W. Morris '28
Bernard Laplante '28
"Red" Edwards '28
Dale Stein '28
Frank Alvarado '28
Arnold C. Wood '28
Mary Zajac '26
Felix "Carancon" '28
Hippie Hopkins '28
"Barn" Neureaux
... Alvarado '27
Matt Bury '29
Doris Grindale '29
Gerald Brailey '29
Art Brown '29
Hal Chamberlain

Lorraine Curtis "Elvie" Whittier '28
Eng. ec

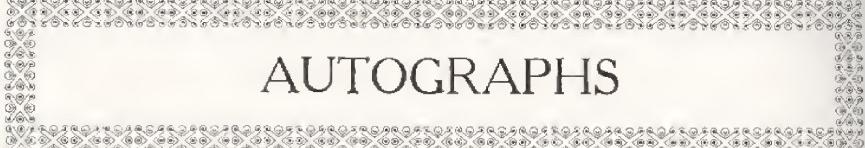
FLORENCE H. STONE

J. Robert Wade '28
Warren "Bunker" Hill '28

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1927



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AUTOGRAPHS

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